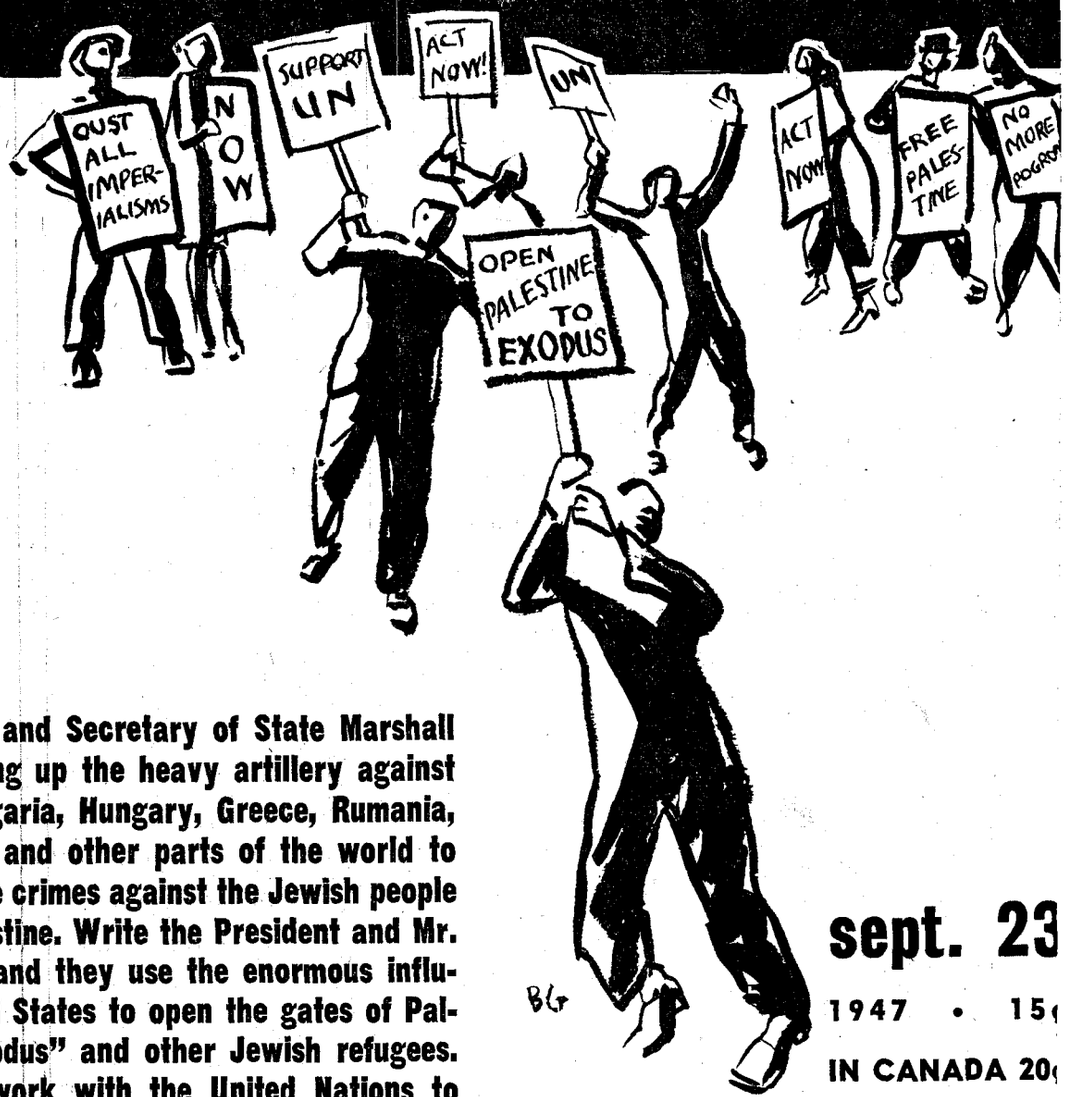
new masses



President Truman and Secretary of State Marshall are too busy rolling up the heavy artillery against democracy in Bulgaria, Hungary, Greece, Rumania, Yugoslavia, China and other parts of the world to be disturbed by the crimes against the Jewish people in and out of Palestine. Write the President and Mr. Marshall and demand they use the enormous influence of the United States to open the gates of Palestine to the "Exodus" and other Jewish refugees. Call on them to work with the United Nations to assure a democratic solution for Palestine. Act now!

sept. 23

1947 • 15

IN CANADA 20

Iron Bars and Beefsteak by Joseph North

A NEW SHORT STORY BY BEN FIELD

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just a minute

WITH this issue we say goodby to one of our best and best-loved colleagues, Virginia Gardner, who has been our Washington editor for the past three and a half years. In this period she has won a unique place in the affections of our readers and has become one of the most widely quoted NEW MASSES writers. Who doesn't recall her delicately devastating interview with Clare Boothe Luce, her verbal jousts with J. Parnell Thomas, her exposes of "Youth for Christ" and of American Action, Inc. in Baltimore and other memorable pieces she wrote for NM? In journalistic skill and initiative Virginia has proved herself one of the top reporters in the country. But more: she has fought on the side of the people, battling evil, standing up for all that is best in the American tradition, bringing to her work the conviction and integrity and outlook of a Marxist.

Not only our readers will miss Virginia. Those of us who have come to know personally this pert, frail-looking Arkansas girl with a spirit of steel, realize how rare her kind is. We know the readers of the *Daily People's World*, whose Los Angeles bureau she is joining, will cherish her. And we hope they won't keep her so busy that she won't have time occasionally to say hello to NM readers with an article on the doings in California. (Incidentally, we have made arrangements for continued topnotch coverage from Washington. Watch our next issue for further information.)

So long, Virginia. Best of luck to you and your son, Johnnie! And don't forget to write. THE EDITORS.

SOMEHOW it seems that we've been hearing a lot about the year 1927 lately. Some of the talk comes from those Mrs. Lots who are always looking back and yearning for the "golden era" when Coolidge was in bloom and who have not yet caught up with the trail-blazing rearguard led by Henry Luce who would march us back to 1327. In the world of sports there's much talk of the season twenty years ago when Babe Ruth set the record of sixty home-runs—a record which is being threatened by Johnny Mize and Ralph Kiner.

Then there have been such grim reminders of that year as the recent twentieth anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. In his concluding chapter of "The History of Hue and Cry," which appears in this issue, John Howard Lawson discusses that period in our history.

And recently we saw an item in the paper about another memorable event which occurred in 1927. The piece was an obituary on the death of Lt. Gen. Ross E. Rowell, USMC (retired). It seems that the chief claim to fame of this forty-year veteran Marine Corps officer was that he was the originator of the dive-bombing tactic. We don't know if that claim is true and we'll let him and Goering argue that one out.

What interested us was that General Rowell is reported to have first used and developed the technique (later employed by Hitler at Rotterdam and Hirohito at Pearl Harbor) when he was sent to lead a bomber squadron in Nicaragua. The Marines, you'll recall—and it's important that all Americans do remember—were sent to crush the guerrillas led by Augusto Sandino. That was the Coolidge Doctrine. According to the New York *Herald Tribune's* account of this pioneering exploit, "Using Vought Corsairs, two-seater biplanes with a speed of 151 miles an hour, the Marine flyers developed the successful technique of hiding behind clouds and then diving on rebellious natives with blazing machine guns."

We talked about this "little" war in our civics class at the time and our teacher made it all seem very noble, this excursion to "restore order." And somehow it got all mixed up in our mind with newsreel shots of the Navy moving in while the movie-house organ played *Anchors Aweigh*, and Lon Chaney-the-tough-Marine-sergeant leading his men against the natives, and Gene Tunney, the "Fighting Marine."

Twenty years later the kids are getting the same kind of stuff in Civics or Current Events. Now it's Tito, not Sandino, who's the bad guy. The Greek guerrillas are the villains instead of the ragged rebels of Nicaragua. Now it's Truman and Marshall in place of Coolidge and Mellon. And 1967—what will it be? It's up to us now and next year—1948—and after, to keep on plugging to see to it that America's contribution to other peoples is something better than a spray of bombs. L. L. B.

new masses

established 1911

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DELANEY RELEASED IN NAZI RADIO CASE
Edward Leo Delaney, 61-year-old American citizen, who was arrested on Aug. 8 by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation on a complaint charging that he had made treasonable broadcasts for the Nazi Government, was released yesterday.
that the Government had evidence that Delaney had ceased his Nazi news commentaries shortly after Pearl Harbor. He said he understood that Delaney shortly thereafter quit all broadcasting and was permitted to go to Czechoslovakia to write a book against communism.
2d Labor Leader Arrested Here As Radical Alien
Obermeier, Hotel Union Head, Called Subversive;
"He has lived in the United States the greater part of his life. His children (a grown son and married daughter) were born, reared and educated in American schools. During the war, Obermeier broadcast to Germany at the request of American authorities and offered to work in Germany in behalf of the United States.

Iron Bars and Beefsteak

By JOSEPH NORTH

IF A character buttonholed you today on the corner of Forty-second and Broadway and asked how many blocks it is to the Wilhelmstrasse, you could, with reason, back away. It would be within bounds to suspect his sanity. You might lay a gentle hand on the character's shoulder and whisper, "This is New York, old man, and it's two years since Hitler took off for Valhalla." But your chance acquaintance might retort triumphantly, "Says you," and shove a few newspaper clippings into your face.

One of them would be from the August 29 issue of the New York *Times* that carried the following lead: "Edward Leo Delaney, 61-year-old American citizen who was arrested August 8 by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation on a complaint charging that he had made treasonable broadcasts for the Nazi government, was released yesterday."

The other would be from the New York *Herald Tribune* of September 9, which announced the arrest and deportation action against Michael J. Obermeier, president of Local 6, Hotel and Club Employes Union-AFL, who, the news story says, "broadcast to Germany at the request of American authorities during the war. . . ."

Delaney, who broadcast for Hitler, is brought from Germany and freed; Obermeier, who broadcast against Hitler, is jailed and is to be sent to Germany.

Truly our character on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway could, with justice, fix you with a glare and ask, "Just who's crazy here?"

Yes, gentlemen, a reasonable question.

NOW I have a reasonable assurance that my sanity is around par, about equal to that of some 140,000,000 other Americans, and I believe that the men at the nation's controls are, if anything, as crazy as the proverbial fox. But the latest developments behoove us to ask ourselves some searching questions as we read the headlines announcing the arrest of John Santo, international director of organization of the Transport Workers Union, and Mr. Obermeier. Mr. Santo, the same *Herald Tribune* clipping would tell you, "served as an American infantry buck sergeant in the Aleutians during World War II." The Washington blueprint calls for his deportation to Rumania. Both men were arrested under similar charges as "undesirable aliens" who belong to "an organization that teaches overthrowing the government by force."

Both men, you learn, have repeatedly requested citizen-

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ship in the United States, but the authorities have consistently rebuffed them. The two men have much in common: as labor leaders they have devoted years of their lives to the betterment of labor's lot in America. As Americans, with or without benefit of formal documentation, they were prepared to give their lives for our country in the war. Mr. Obermeier has lived here more than thirty-four years, the greater part of his life: his son served with the Marines during the war and his daughter, a graduate of American universities, is a doctor of science. This man, respected by his colleagues, father of productive Americans, is to be exiled from the country of his choice while fascist Delaney walks the streets a free man.

But fascist Delaney does not walk alone, and the savage mockery of all this should make every American's blood boil. I am thinking of the Nazi "scientists" coddled in our Army cantonments who have graduated from service for Hitler to employment by Forrestal.

And at the very moment the press hullabalooed the phony charges against Gerhart Eisler—"atom spy" and all the rest of it—some 400 German Nazis were serenely working inside the nation's most heavily-guarded laboratories, nosing around America's latest secret weapons. Have you heard a word about this from J. Parnell Thomas or J. Edgar Hoover? And these Nazis continue hobnobbing with our military secrets at the very moment a hush-hush grand jury sits in New York cooking up another spurious atom-spy case.

Why this tender solicitude for Nazis? It arises, as NEW MASSES pointed out in a letter to President Truman (NM, September 9) because "their chief motivation . . . remains what it was when they worked for the Nazi government: to destroy the country which was our most powerful wartime ally, the USSR, and whose defeat would have meant the enslavement of all other nations, including our own, by the Nazi conquerors." And who dares argue that they love us the more for our brass-hats' warm concern for their welfare? As Nazis their plans are to destroy America, as Hitler attempted to do from 1941 to 1945.

And such men, a release from the War Department as far back as Dec. 4, 1946, tells us, "will be joined by their families: some of them may eventually be permitted to become permanent residents of the United States . . ." In brief, this means they will be given their citizenship papers, even though their heart's blood spurts fascism, even though they hate the Declaration of Independence as they do the Soviet Constitution.

But Santo and Obermeier, men of democracy, whose lives have stamped them staunch protagonists of the common man, are to be deported "as dangerous aliens." And the press tells you with breathless glee that some ninety-eight other labor leaders are scheduled for arrest.

IF YOU are the suspicious type, you might wonder if there is some remote significance in the timing of Mr. Santo's arrest: the operative with the warrant walked in at the precise moment the Transport Workers Union was engaged in a dispute with the New York City Omnibus Corporation. You might, as his attorney, Harry Sacher, noted, reflect on the coincidence that Mr. Santo was originally taken into custody in 1941 after a bus strike here. And you might return to the significant fact that he was honorably discharged from the Army in which he served over three years, and during which time he tried to become a citizen, trustfully believing that as a soldier he was entitled to citizenship within thirty days.

You might, with cause, pursue your suspicions further. These arrests occur a few days after the Taft-Hartley law has become effective. They splash into headlines at a time when the workingman is restive as his food bill shrinks his pay envelope into microscopic size, and when millions of laboring men are stirring with the idea of independent political action. The arrests come as questions mount concerning the mysterious Marshall Plan (or is it "program" or merely "approach" this week?). And many a man of mature years must wonder if this is not where he came in, if this is not the harbinger of another deportation delirium such as followed World War I, when J. Edgar Hoover performed the valuable services for the corporations that madly plunged their way to the crash of 1929. Then, too, the gigantic business thieveries were carried off while the authorities and the press shunted the public's attention the other way by screaming "Communist." Then, too, the grandiose effort was made to cow all progressives with the Red threat.

But a quarter of a century has gone its epic way and 1947 cannot be 1919. The Hoover twins, J. Edgar and Herbert, may be residing cozily in the past believing they can turn the clock back with a flip of a D. of J. pen. Somebody should whisper to them that a man called Karl Marx (a name they would probably recall) once remarked that yes, history may repeat itself, but it does so "the first time as tragedy, the second as farce." Though all this is certainly no laughing matter, the point is that they reason badly who think that because they got away with it once they can get away with it twice.

For Prof. Commager does not talk to himself, in the current *Harpers*. His passionate expression marks the crystallization of an understanding common to multiplying millions.

For example, although the preponderance of the Transport Workers Union is Roman Catholic, they will not stampede to line up with the deportation schemers — not when they know, in terms of bread and butter and human security, what John Santo meant to the union as one of its founders. Councilman Quill was not talking through a green derby when he said they would raise a fund of $100,000 in their colleague's defense, despite all the spies, stool-pigeons and thread-bare Judases the prosecution can dig up. Likewise in Mr. Obermeier's case.

When the clamor rose in Congress and the press recently to jail Henry Wallace for daring to differ with administration policy, many an American took time out to reflect. And 200,000 paid to hear him speak. They pursued their private thoughts when the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee committeemen were hounded, Eugene Dennis persecuted, and all the rest of it. They are arriving at the conclusion—tardily perhaps, but inevitably—that by God, these operators mean me!

But private thoughts never unlocked handcuffs, nor do they count with J. Edgar. The thought must lead to the deed. Now is the time, if ever, for honest men to speak their minds, to tell the authorities that hounding Communists and progressives does not put butter on the bread or bring the price of a hundredweight of good beef down. Nor will it build homes for veterans or fatten the pay envelope. It will surely never beat swords into plowshares.

For if they get away with the deportations and all that they involve, the character on Forty-second Street and Broadway won't be as daffy as he sounded. One hundred and forty million Americans will know how many blocks it is to the Wilhelmstrasse.

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SO LONG, WASHINGTON

Washington.

Auf Wiedersehen to J. Parnell and goodby to those in DC who do not bow to him.

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

THIS is my last week in Washington. It would be a dirty trick, I felt, to sneak away without saying goodby to any of my news sources, to any of the men and women who have given of themselves, at times reluctantly, at times with surliness, at times generously, to NEW MASSES readers via this reporter. I called Rep. J. Parnell Thomas' office. I thought of him first, in fact. For one thing, it is only natural to want to hear a human voice respond when you speak to someone, and in Washington the chairman of the House Un-American Committee is one individual who still feels safe in speaking to me.

Mr. Thomas and I have a professional interest in each other. From what he has told me loudly and with delight I infer that I am the only live, breathing, sensate Communist Party member who ever has been a visitor in his office. Rep. Thomas appreciates, on the other hand, that he provides me with copy. It is a fair exchange. I give him a glimpse of what a Communist is like, a rare treat to him apparently despite the fact he is always talking about Communists as if the Capital were burgeoning with them. He in turn has given NEW MASSES readers a glimpse of what an American pro-fascist—to use a charitable term—is like.

But Rep. Thomas was not in town. He has been in and out of the Capital since Congress adjourned, but this was not my lucky week. The last time I had seen him he was a little irritable. It was at the trial of Eugene Dennis, general secretary of the Communist Party. The little red-faced chairman, who when flanked by committee members had tried to bluster at the large impassive Mr. Dennis, now was nervously awaiting his own appearance as a witness. He greeted me without his usual enthusiasm. No, no, he said almost brusquely, he couldn't talk to me until all these trials were over. Later, later. Besides, he said, hadn't he given me enough stuff for me to earn my paycheck for a time in his last interview?

So I am leaving without saying "so long" to John P. Feeney, alias J. Parnell Thomas. For a time I thought I at least could see someone from the committee. Rep. John McDowell (R., Pa.), who heads the committee's subcommittee on fascism, was out of the city, too. That left Rep. Richard B. Vail (R., Ill.), and Rep. John S. Wood of Georgia, former chairman, from the subcommittee. Mr. Thomas had tried to get me to call on his next-door neighbor in the House Office Building, the wire basket manufacturer, Mr. Vail, shortly after a report of an interview I had with Mr. Vail appeared in NEW MASSES. "I dare you to go back to see him," he said, in his most boyish, pranksterish mood. It seems Mr. Vail had not liked my story. But Mr. Vail was not in when I called at that time.

So now I called Mr. Vail's office to see if he was there. I wanted to get an idea of what he thought about the pamphlet "Fascism in Action," which finally was produced after Congress adjourned, and which is being sold for forty cents a copy, whereas the public can get "Communism in Action" for nothing. But the Congressman was ill, his office informed me. I mentioned I would be in Chicago and that I might see him there. No, that would not be advisable, I was told. For some reason I couldn't bring myself to even try to say farewell to Rep. Wood, who doubtless was back in his Georgia hills anyway. I saw enough of Rep. Wood when he was chairman. I remember when Rep. Wood told me he'd always thought of himself as a liberal like Ellis Arnall of Georgia, and that he even said he'd always thought he'd like Communists. But that is a long time ago, and so far as I know his yearning to know a Communist still is unfulfilled.

I called my old news source, Irving McCann, whose pals in the National Association of Real Estate Boards, for whom he did yeoman service when he was a counsel for the Smith committee attacking rent control, and later in speeches about the country, recently pleaded not guilty to violating the anti-trust laws. Mr. McCann is now counsel for the House Labor and Education Committee and is the same Mr. McCann who pummelled and punched the ailing AFL attorney, Joseph Padway, at a Hollywood hearing. This was after a telegram asking postponement on advice of Padway's physician had been received and rejected, so that McCann was running little conscious risk when he made the attack. I asked McCann, who if he returned to Wyoming still would face a disbarment proceeding there, if he remembered me and if I could see him that afternoon. Yes, indeed, he remembered me, and I couldn't see him that afternoon or any other. That's the way it goes in Washington.

Time was when I had many good news sources in OPA. A little band of sturdy New Dealers, they did battle within OPA to try to prevent the watering down of price control policies, and willingly provided material to any reporters, including left-wingers, who would pass along the ammunition to readers to do battle on the Congressional front. But now they are all departed—to go into private practice as lawyers, or teach economics in universities, or to write, or to sundry other jobs.

THOSE were the comparative halcyon days in Washington, when we were working to win a war, when the term "anti-fascist" was not one of

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opprobrium, when Senator Vandenberg and other "ex-isolationists" were keeping pretty quiet, when Rep. Howard Smith's annual omnibus anti-labor bill was a joke, and Rep. Fred Hartley's attempts to kill rent-control unavailing. They were the days when President Roosevelt awarded the Iron Cross to John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News*, when reporters walked out of the press gallery if Rep. Clare Hoffman or the then Senator Wheeler began a tirade, and when only the Chicago *Tribune* boys remained when Sen. C. Wayland (Curly) Brooks arose to speak. Clare Luce's maiden speech, her goebbeloney speech devoted to Henry Wallace's "globaloney," was more or less of a bust. And Martin Dies in the House, with his accent on the Communist "menace," and Bob Reynolds in the Senate, advocate of white supremacy and immigration quotas of zero, saw their stars sinking as Hitler's waned.

Now both demagogues are going into politics again in their states, while John Rankin is running for the Senate. Instead of visiting Greek fascist dignitaries, who assure reporters it won't be long until American armies are in Greece, we used to have such spectacles as that of Hjalmar Procope being kicked back to Mannerheim Finland where he belonged — as it happened, only a couple of weeks after NEW MASSES published an interview with him. It didn't seem odd when Will Clayton gave an exclusive interview to NEW MASSES for in those days he was busy on the Hill urging a big Soviet loan from what he called a practical businessman's viewpoint.

That was before the Truman Doctrine at home and abroad. Not that Washington didn't always have its fascists. I remember that terrible day when, riding home from Union Station in a taxi, the incredible news of Roosevelt's death came blurting out from the radio, and, even as we passed the White House and the hundreds standing motionless in the rain across the avenue, the driver picked up an admiral. He was a fat meaty admiral and the flesh bulged over his collar red and angry as he told the driver with a grin, "Well, the n——rs'll sure be weeping over this," and then gave a Georgetown address. I remember the nightmarish ride to my home, where I had to meet my son, and his bursting into tears when the maid asked me if it were true and I said yes. "He was my best friend," he said childishly, and the maid, in her broken English,

"Minus four dollars—do I hear minus three dollars?"

asked, "Missus, where are the poor people all over the world going to find another friend?"

There were the days when NEW MASSES warmly supported the newly-nominated Harry Truman — days when I searched over Washington for old acquaintances who could give "human interest" anecdotes about the Senator. When I found one—Charlie Ross, then a newspaperman and now a Truman secretary—he felt around for the true words to describe him and finally said, "the most average man you could find."

Now it is a Capital with a pall hanging over it, and I am not sorry to leave. It is all too reminiscent of certain descriptions in "Fascism in Action," compiled by the legislative reference service of the Library of Congress, which except for Rep. Wright Patman's mild foreword contains nothing about America but describes fascism at work in Germany and Italy and Spain. (The part on Spain was cut and doctored after Congressional criticism.)

"The foreign policy of National Socialist Germany had several objectives," reads one part: "(1) to fight and eradicate the rival system of communism and as a corollary to check Russia everywhere . . .; (2) to extend German economic and political control over the Balkans and eastern Europe . . .; (3) to remain on friendly terms with Great Britain; to be on the aggressive always and never to lose face at home (Nazi foreign policy was in a major measure designed for home

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consumption and drawn up with an eye to its effect upon the German people)."

And, "As a reflection of the domestic struggle for control the same techniques are used abroad by fascist leaders as at home. Espionage of many sorts (often one observer is charged with observing another) is engaged in. . . . It should be remembered that fascist thought-control agencies and regulations are always supported by the state and all of its agencies, the secret police, the *Volksgericht*, the Special Tribunal for the Defense of the State, and similar institutions."

"The whole field of thought control is one of conditioning for conflict. It is not profound nor intellectual, but streamlined, efficient, effective, emotional, passionate, romanticist, political, and filled with the exploiting of prejudices and hate."

The police state is at work here and now, under the guise of the President's "loyalty" investigation. It is not aimed primarily at the Communist Party, which is still a legal party, and there still is no law which says a member of the Communist Party cannot work for the government. It is aimed at anyone who opens his mouth or takes an independent step which may make him suspect of being anything more than a human machine, a craven employe of a regimented bureaucracy.

I do not blame a man in a certain government agency who used to give me information, a man who never came close to being a Communist and probably never even read a book on Karl Marx, but who was grateful to anyone who exposed a lobby sabotaging the work he was in. The last time I met him he asked me shamefacedly not to call him at his office again, but said if I would appear—without phoning—at his home on a certain evening at a certain hour, he would give me some information. Information, as it happened, to support the President in a fight he was at least giving lip-service to at the time. I do not blame the little stenographer for a union office whom I have known casually for years, when she fails to recognize me at a Wallace meeting infiltrated by FBI men. For this thing infests many unions, too.

But I do blame the progressives in the unions who rarely read NEW MASSES or the *Daily Worker* but are full of criticism of them, and at the same time whenever they have a hot tip go running with it to Drew Pearson. Surely the press which gives not occasional but day in and day out support to labor would gain in freshness if some of our friendly critics would toss something our way once in a while. And I do blame those liberals who eighteen months ago would have found the Greek-Turkish loan abhorrent but who now sound like Elmer Davis, and talk of the need of keeping "forward outposts" in Palestine, Greece, etc. And I do blame those progressives who fail to see that a people's movement is coming in this country and is not far away, the progressives who sigh that Wallace is "impractical" rather than facing the truth of his statement, "Labor cannot safely ignore the relationship of foreign and domestic policy. There are great issues today and we shall either meet them with courage or pay the costs in the misery of depression and war."

THERE are people I will miss. I will miss looking down and hearing Vito Marcantonio take on John Rankin, I will miss hearing him hit out on any issue that affects labor and the foreign-born and the Negro—and if "Marc," who has more courage and brains and heart than anyone in Washington, were here I would say "so long." I will miss hearing that golden voice of Senator Pepper's slaying the anti-Sovieteers with devastating logic. I will miss the wonderful burlesque that Senator Glen Taylor occasionally engages in with its serious and grim undertone. I will miss my friends from the NAACP, who were so helpful when I was writing for *People's Voice*. I will miss a few persons from both the CIO and AFL who felt that giving news to NEW MASSES was a perfectly legitimate function. I will miss hearing the cheerful, intrepid Rep. Sabath as he strides up the aisle of the House much as a substantial bantam rooster enters the fray—and the calm, well-thought-out speech of Rep. John Carroll of Denver defending rent control. I will miss the occasional thrill of a Washington picketline—such as that of those wonderful people in the O'Donnell restaurant strike of cafeteria workers.

Most of all, I will miss writing for NEW MASSES readers. Since early in 1944 I have been writing for them. I think of the letters I have not answered—little personal notes sent in checks to NM, a letter from a vet who liked my series on Jim Crow in Baltimore, the man who recently recalled an old piece on Dewey's neighbors, the farm woman who sent words of encouragement on the anti-Ku Klux Klan articles I did on the 1946 campaign in Indiana. The letters went unanswered, put aside and cherished but unanswered, I am ashamed to say, because always there was more to do than one reporter for NM in Washington could do. I hope they will for-

(*Continued on page* 23)

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

The women of Argentina have been granted voting privileges. In the future they will have full legal rights to approve Peron.

•

The British played jazz while forcibly debarking the "Exodus" refugees in Germany. The refugees regret that Bevin wasn't there to swing personally.

•

Senator McKellar is being treated for acute gastric disturbance. Could it be that the gentleman has reached the point where he can't stomach himself?

•

James Farley has indicated that he supports President Truman for renomination. It is gratifying to note that the political significance of the ex-Postmaster General has been reduced to an occasional stamp of approval.

•

Herbert Hoover claims that we should never have got into World War II. If it had been up to him we would never have got out of it.

•

Hoover is always called our only living ex-President. He has yet to offer any justification for the title.

•

General Lee, commander of US troops in Italy, is going to leave the Army to become a religious worker. This is quite a comedown for a man who just recently thought he was God.

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Third Party Scoreboard

By A. B. MAGIL

WHAT's cooking in the third party movement? The tastiest item so far is the new party that has actually been launched in California, the Independent Progressive Party. This was formed at a conference in August of delegates from AFL, CIO and railroad brotherhood unions, civic and other groups. The thirty-four member organizing committee is headed by Hugh Bryson, president of the CIO Marine Cooks and Stewards Union. The new party, which will work with progressive Democrats to help send a Wallace-for-President delegation to the Democratic national convention next July, has already started a drive for 276,000 signatures to place itself on the ballot.

Thus the pioneer spirit asserts itself in California. It is a hopeful omen for the entire country, even though one could wish that the California development were more typical of the national situation. Yet it would be well to remember that no new party can be born except as part of a larger process of struggle in which there will inevitably be setbacks, failures as well as successes, lulls as well as favorable winds, in which detours and blind-alleys will be more numerous than they ought to be.

At this stage even more important than the setting up of new parties in various states (and in most cases a prerequisite for such parties) is the *independent* organization of progressive political forces in every community around a common program geared to the needs of the people in both domestic and foreign affairs. Such an independent setup can serve as the directing center for organized progressive activity within the Democratic Party as well as for efforts to launch a new party whenever this becomes feasible.

As I see it, there are today three major gaps in the third party movement nationally:

1. Little progress has as yet been made in committing any sizable segment of organized labor to this course. Not only the AFL hierarchy, but CIO President Philip Murray has been cool to the third-party idea. Even those CIO international unions which are on record as favoring a new people's anti-monopoly party — the United Automobile Workers, the United Packinghouse Workers, the United Radio, Electrical and Machine Workers, and the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers—have not yet acted to give bone and muscle to their resolutions.

2. The dirt farmers, whose mood, as Lem Harris pointed out in last week's NEW MASSES, is increasingly militant, have not yet been involved. In the National Farmers Union there is strong third-party sentiment among both the leadership and the rank and file though this has still to be channeled organizationally. The Farmers Union Progressive Alliance in North Dakota marks a beginning.

3. The progressive forces within the Democratic Party are not yet organized for action and to some extent are also unclear on issues, as indicated by Senator Pepper's recent endorsement of President Truman for re-election despite the fact that he has been fighting Truman's foreign and domestic policies.

Of course, in summarizing the debit side of the national ledger, I am necessarily oversimplifying; the situation is not everywhere uniform. Moreover, on the credit side are such important items as the new California party, the growing trend toward joint AFL-CIO political action against the Taft-Hartley bill and those who voted for it, the increased activity of Progressive Citizens of America (PCA), the clear-sighted efforts of the Communist Party, and the splendid leadership of Henry A. Wallace.

NEVERTHELESS, it remains true that without the active participation of a substantial sector of the trade union movement and without the support of large numbers of Democratic voters, no serious new party can be formed. On the question of the Democratic Party it seems to me that the position of Mr. Wallace is eminently sound. At the big PCA meeting in Madison Square Garden last week he reiterated that he intends to work within the Democratic Party.

At the same time he said that "if the Democratic Party is a war party, if my party continues to attack civil liberties, if both parties stand for high prices and depression —then the people must have a new party of liberty and peace."

Those of us who think it most unlikely that Mr. Wallace and his fellow-progressives will win control of the Democratic Party nevertheless have every reason to encourage their efforts, for only in this way can they win the Democratic rank and file not merely for their program but for "a new party of liberty and peace." We should be no less opposed to a premature break with the Democratic Party on the part of Roosevelt Democrats — which would mean surrendering the rank and file to the reactionaries — than we are to the rejection of the third-party idea by some liberals on the grounds that it will be too effective (will allegedly facilitate a reactionary victory) and/or too ineffective ("it can't win").

And let's not forget that if Henry Wallace has a remote chance to win the Democratic nomination, that chance will be worth anything only if the third-party threat exists in more than verbal form. Let's not also forget that irrespective of who the major party candidates are or of whether there is a third Presidential ticket in the field, a new people's party can be a power in the Congressional elections by throwing its weight behind Democratic (and in some cases Republican) candidates who deserve it and by nominating independents wherever necessary.

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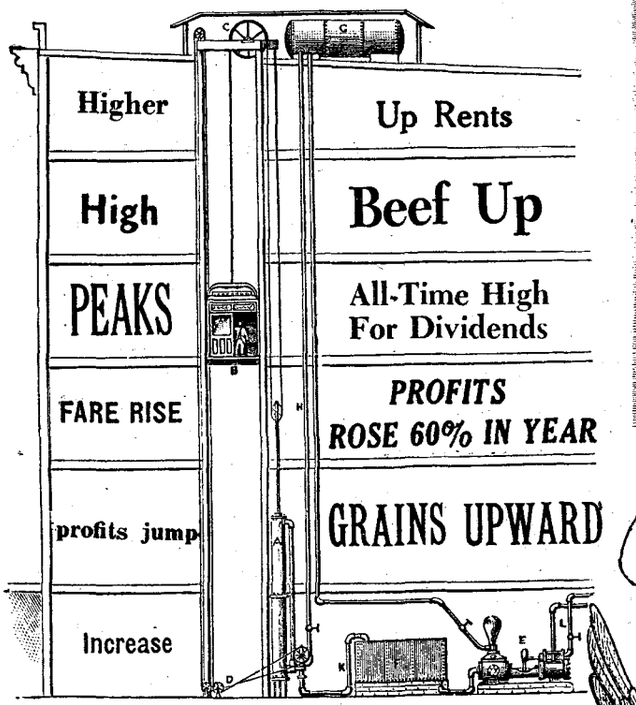
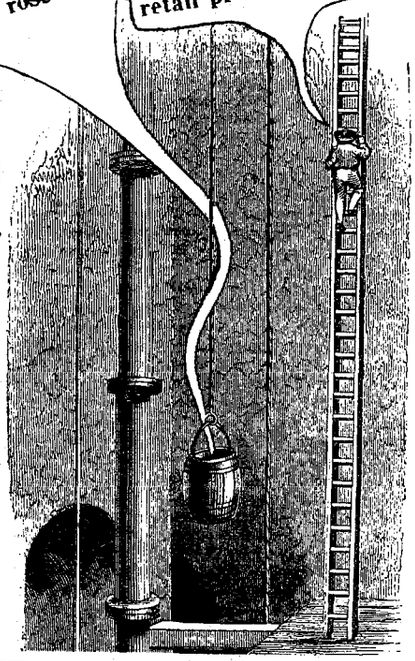
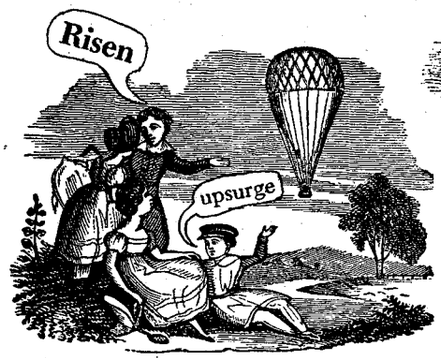


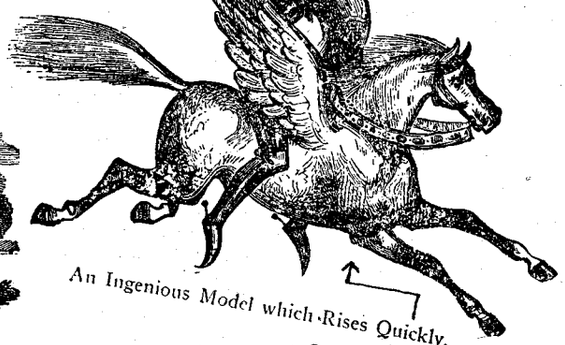
Between June 1946 and March 1947 average hourly earnings of all workers rose 8%;

in the same period retail prices rose 20%.

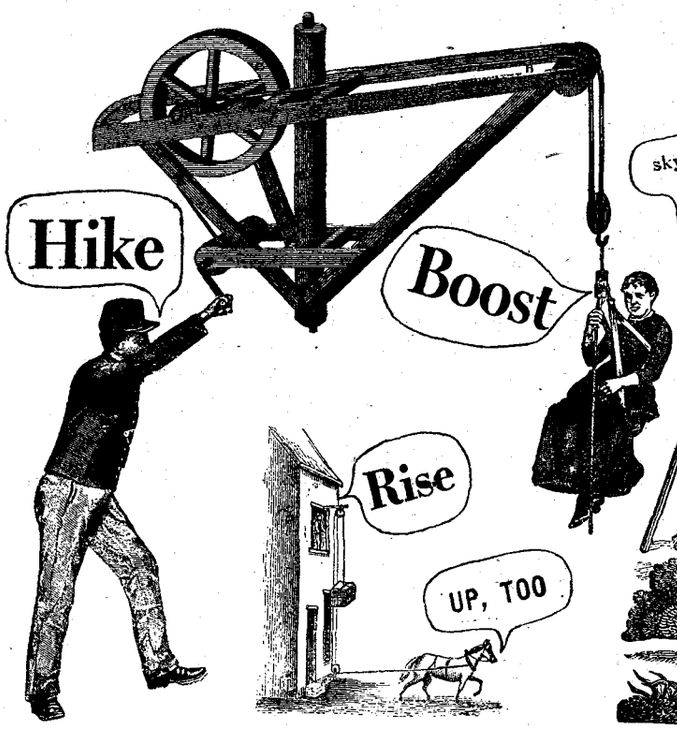


SPUR TO PRICE RISE





An Ingenious Model which Rises Quickly.



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Maxie Gonef

The company was freezing him out of business and he had to get back at somebody. How the angry iceman learned the hard way in his feud with Vito.

A Short Story by BEN FIELD

HAVING brought his horse and wagon to the stable for the night, Maxie went down to the burlesque house where the bookies hang out, and there he picked a scrap with fat Tom Rossi. "I don't like you because you're a dago," Maxie said.

Tom laughed and puffed out his cheeks as if he were blowing the cornet. "Cut the comedy, Maxie." He opened up his racing sheet and said, "I got something here'll put you on Easy Street. You'll kiss the coal and ice business goodby."

Maxie flung off his fat hand. All the bookies turned to stare at him, but he glared back, spat, and still plenty mad, plunged into the crowd and wheeled into the street with the well-known brownstone house.

Rae Flanagan opened the door for him. "Jesus, kid, you burn our wires out with that kind of ringing!" She caught him by the thumb. "Why ain't you been around in a dog's age, you six-shooter?"

Maxie asked sullenly, "What you got this week?"

Rae told him.

"I'm off the Italians, wops, dagos, Sicilians, Napoleons."

Giggling, Rae went to get him a drink. Maxie was a hot sketch. Hard to handle, he could always be brought around; quick to flare up, quicker to kiss and forget.

She brought a bottle and glasses. "Your old buddy, Gus Schoenfeld, was in yesterday, snuck in the back way in his uniform. He's gotta be careful with that new lieutenant riding the boys. Gus asked a good one. Maxie, why is a cop's holster like a girl?"

Maxie pushed the glass away, spilling the whiskey over her legs.

"Say, the battleship's been christened before!"

Maxie scowled.

The big-boned blondie dropped on his knees and put her arms around him. "Come up and try some Irish."

"Plater like you! I'll try my old horse first." With that, he shook her off and walked out.

Maxie stalked the streets aimlessly, hit the market section full of carts and stalls and stores, and there was Frank, the fish man, who could take his glass eye out and put a snail into the socket and eat a frog raw to get a laugh out of his customers. Frank yelled there was a crap game in the rear of his store, but Maxie had suddenly grown stone-deaf and went past him, kicking out his feet savagely.

Maxie was steamed up to such a pitch that he finally went back to his cellar, flung the coal and ice sign he had been working on into a corner, and brooded sullenly on his bench. Just this morning the company that was crushing the guts out of small dealers like himself had sent a new truck into his street, and one of the shopkeepers, the tailor, had ordered from the Italian driver. A couple of families had moved into the tenement on the corner; before he could get to them, another wop, Vito from around the block, had hooked them. You couldn't bet on a horse but there was a dago bookie; you couldn't touch a girl but she was Italian.

He heard footsteps on the cellar stairs. It was the gang. He was about to bawl out for them to get the hell away when he remembered how he, the veteran of numerous street battles during his boyhood, had captained the toughest gang in the neighborhood. He called the boys in. Drawing battle-lines on his slate, he reviewed for them the historic campaigns in which he had taken part, and then planned a drive for them into enemy territory with the boys crouched in his wagon, armed with ashcan covers, bottles and stockings full of stones to knock the Jesus out of the Italians.

THIS overnight hatred for everything Italian renewed a feud which had almost died down in the neighborhood. Pushcarts were overturned, shop windows shattered. During a fight near the docks where the Italians lived, one of the boys was thrown into the river and was fished out more dead than alive. The Catholic church was chalked up, and horse-dung in turn was hurled into the synagogue.

After a bunch of the Italian boys had staged a surprise raid in which they smashed the windows of several of the Jewish shopkeepers, the situation became so serious that the shoemaker called on Maxie and demanded he make an end of this fighting. The shoemaker had his shop near the corner; a spokesman for the shopkeepers, it was he who had gone to see the new lieutenant in the station house to ask that the grocer and butcher be allowed to keep open several hours longer Sundays since, as observers of the Sabbath, they were closed Saturday. A powerful, stoop-shouldered man with grizzled clawlike moustaches hanging down his square jaw, he was the referee of all disputes and the friend of everybody in the neighborhood.

"Italians are people like ourselves," the shoemaker said to Maxie. "Are you out of your mind starting this trouble?"

Maxie knocked his pilot cap with the little brass anchor back on his head. His unruly brown hair stuck out. "That's my own business, mister!"

"Don't mister me, Maxie. I knew you when you just came off the ship with your grandfather. You were no taller than my hammer. I knew you when the world branded you Maxie Gonef because you put a straw with hot wax into the synagogue's poor box to take a penny out and got that cracked fingernail." He laughed. "Don't hide it."

"Who's hiding it?" bawled Maxie, perching his hands on his slim hips. "I know what I'm doing. They're still Mussolini birds to me."

"So you, too, Maxie?" The shoemaker sighed. "Your grandfather

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could not stand the sight of a German. Didn't the German army take away his farm in the old country, steal his last horse? That I understood, but I could never understand what he had against the Italian people." He clapped Maxie on the back. "You are a young man, an American. Come, what is this business of hating them?"

"To hell with them! There's that Vito Paniebianco on the next block. He's chiseling, too, trying to rope in my customers. I give him a chance to pull out, give him a good price for his route and mare and wagon, but he just give me the horse laugh."

"He's got to earn a living like you, Maxie. Why don't you speak to him, get together before the company swallows both of you little fish like a pike? Get together."

Standing at the door of his cellar, Maxie suddenly leaped up and bucked. "There's the get-together I want." Rose, the plumber's wife, was at her high window in the tenement across the street. And without another word, Maxie dashed off, leaving the shoemaker to shrug his shoulders and go back to his own work with a sour smile.

Maxie had come back to Rose after he had broken off with Rae. He had let Rose alone for a time because the plumber had taken to beating hell out of her, and then there was always the danger of another flight down the fire escape, ending in a leap of twenty feet to avoid the monkey wrench which the outraged husband had hurled at him.

Irene Goldberg.

MAXIE was with Rose several days later when there was terrific pounding at her door. Halfway out of the window, he heard one of the boys yell that the company truck was again invading his territory. Snatching up his pilot cap, he made for the street. Near the curb stood the huge blue company truck, and coming out of the tenement was the driver. Maxie recognized the hefty Italian as a small dealer whom the company had licked and taken into its employ to spear at fellows like himself and Vito.

"Why in hell you muscling in, cheap skate?" yelled Maxie, running up to him.

The driver looked him up and down coolly and then brushed past him.

Spry as an alley cat, Maxie caught him by the shirt. The stocky Italian flung him off. "You looking for trouble? The woman up there wanted a piece of ice. I give it to her."

"I give the women round here what they want."

The crowd of boys and peddlers, gathered around them, hawhawed. Ah, Maxie Gonef, good old Maxie was finding that tongue of his again. That was what he had needed—a good fight and a good something else to put him back in trim.

Maxie squared off. "When I get through with you, Roman garlic, Italian heel, you'll be glad to belly-wop back to Italy."

The stocky driver raised his black fist and staggered Maxie with a blow on the chest.

Recovering swiftly, Maxie feinted and dropped a clip on the driver's jaw. As the Italian tried to bull him, Maxie side-stepped, drove a hard right-cross, and then put over a one-two which was something to write home about.

As luck would have it, Gus Schoenfeld, who was working overtime to become the best cop in the precinct, smelled trouble the way a cat smells fish, and came up to spoil the fun. He spied the company truck; you could see the name of the firm a mile off. His eyes bulged. "Christ, Maxie, couldn't you start up with somebody else?" To the amazement of the crowd, he took both men to the station house.

The officer at the desk was the new lieutenant who had been after the cops to take revolver practice regularly, to nab all peddlers who had no licenses, and to pull in kids playing ball on the street. The dapper little lieutenant dismissed the Italian driver without batting an eye.

"This sucker was horning in," cried Maxie hotly.

"This is a free country, and that's legitimate," said the lieutenant.

"Hell, I was there before him!"

"That don't cut no ice with me."

Gus laughed a big belly laugh.

Maxie muttered, "Funny as a wooden crutch."

The little lieutenant glared, but Gus leaned over to whisper into his ear. "Well, all right." Then he cleared his throat and puffed himself up like a fantail. "This won't happen again. Next time we book you. You won't get away with it, I promise you that."

Maxie's face blackened, and as he swung around on his heel and strode out, he kicked over deliberately one of the new spittoons which the lieutenant had scattered all over the station house—great brass things, shaped like bugles.

Some time later in the day Gus appeared at the entrance to the cellar. "You ought of known better than start with that company."

Maxie shot a look of contempt at him.

"You ought to know the racket by now."

Maxie took out of his pocket a box of Tuscany cheroots, but failed to offer Gus one. They had been buddies, won medals in the Public School Athletic League together, and when Gus was a waiter spending every cent on his courses for the patrolman's examinations, Maxie had given him tips on the horses and fixed him up with the women. And now he was repaying him by pulling him to the lockup for that blasted company.

"What about one of them ropes?" asked Gus, looking down the street to see if the coast was clear. "I ain't had a smoke in hours."

Maxie puffed out a thick column of smoke and flicked off the ash with his little finger. "You got German blood in you. I don't like dagos or Dutchmen full of schmaltz."

"You got a thick skull," said Gus, the blood flooding his heavy face. "Ain't I told you plenty times I got a job and—?"

"Who in hell's keeping you from your job?"

"You'll think different one of these

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days, you lunkhead!" Gus walked away in disgust.

MAXIE's fight with the driver stopped the company's inroads for a while, and now, he decided, was the time to square accounts with his other competitor. So when Vito Paniebianco rode by the cellar Maxie, whose business was so poor that he was through with his route by noon, tried to pick a fight with him.

"How's business, you dago screwball?"

"Can't kick," answered young Vito from the high seat of his freshly-painted wagon, showing his small teeth, white as unripe apple pips.

"So business is fairly good?"

The gang rushed up the street, smelling a fight, but the Italian grinned good-naturedly.

Maxie then slapped the biceps of his stiffened right arm with his left hand.

The Italian lad pouted.

"You got a fly on your pants there."

The gang shrieked as the Italian, who was in the country only a couple of years, hunted for the fly. Chinky, the tinsmith's kid, one of the gang leaders, almost strangled over his laughter. "Maxie, stop, it hoits."

Grinning in his friendly way, the Italian drove off to attend to business.

Maxie was in his element, and catching sight of the tailor, who had left him to patronize the company, he swaggered toward the shop. He straddled his legs, flung his curly head back, and strumming an invisible guitar, started serenading the tailor. His baritone could be heard all over the street.

"Etazoi naht a schneider
Etazoi naht er doch.
Er naht und naht a ganze woch,
Verdient a kurve mit a—och, och, och."

Hanging from the windows and clustered on the stoops, the women laughed. The tailor backed into his shop and filled it with steam to hide himself from the barb in the song which related how he worked all week long to earn the service of a whore.

But Vito did not scare like the tailor. He kept answering Maxie's shafts with the same friendly nod and curl of his full lips. He worked hard behind the big white mare, decked out with bone rings, bells and tassels, with a paper rose stuck into her bridle and a straw hat to keep the sun off her. At night, having disposed of all his ice, he drove back to the docks where the Italians lived. Here they dried their tomato pies on the low roofs of their shacks, made grape wine in their yards, and kept homing pigeons, which were always fluttering about. In a shed in a corner of which Vito Paniebianco slept, the mare was stabled and cherished like a little sister.

When the gang saw that Maxie wasn't getting to first base fighting his competitor, Chinky bethought himself of a great scheme. "I been giving that wop and his horse the onct over," he said. "It's about time we done something."

Maxie knocked back his pilot cap angrily.

"He ain't a man with them earrings. If he was a man, I'd knock him for a goal a long time ago."

"That Vito, he's a proud Italian goy. My old man says he walks around like he's got flies up his nose and is growing wings. Look, Maxie, onct. When that piece of spaghetti is in that Catholics church praying, I'll go up to that there horse and give her the woiks."

Maxie scowled.

"You ain't scared to send her to horse's heaven?"

Maxie scowled so fiercely that the kid beat a hasty retreat.

FOR Maxie had always loved horses. He could still dimly remember the colt back in the old country which the German soldiers had gypped from his grandfather, twisting the old man's fingers out of joint, knocking the little boy cold with the butt of a gun when he had run to the old man's help. The old man had not wept when his farm and grain had been seized, had not even fought back, but the stealing of the colt had been too much for him. It was from him that Maxie had learned to know horses. In this country the old man with the broken hands had gone into the coal and ice business, and after his death Maxie had taken over. Lately, however, he had become more concerned with the happenings at Jamaica or Belmont Park than with the needs of his customers. It wasn't only the sight of slim racers flying down the stretch that made him catch his breath; he could go wild over a massive-haunched mare like the Italian's. How he had pleaded with that old sonofabitch who had sold out to Vito last spring, how he had begged him to let him have the route and horse, and he would pay off in weekly installments!

It was with disgust that Maxie thought of his old goat, his corpse with the ewe neck, the broom of a tail, and the one eye which looked as if he had hawked into it. He went to the stable. His horse nickered as he came into the stall.

"Go away, pin rump, hatchet behind. My breadwinner!" He kicked at her. "Countess Fifi, you got to have your sugar." He took a lump out of his pocket which she nipped up, and then he strode out of the stable, chewing on a matchstick bitterly.

Maxie stopped at the curb, and a breeze, blowing from the docks, caught in his open collar. The El rang like an airhammer. Above the hammering sounds of the city, he heard the rattle of a wagon, the clopping of hoofs, and then the white Mary, as Vito called her, appeared from around the corner, squealing like a fife corps, kicking and blowing like an army trumpet.

Maxie squinted at her and grinned. "Ah, spring is here," he cried. He swaggered over to the tinsmith and the shoemaker who had left their shops to watch the unusual boisterousness of the mare. "Spring is here, and she's in heat. A good horse gets in heat. Two things a good horse does—gets in heat and forzes."

"And your goat?" asked the tinsmith.

"My goat, neither. If Big Red was here, the fastest racing horse in the world, she wouldn't give him a tumble. Cork her, and it won't make no difference."

Up on his high seat, Vito tugged at the lines anxiously. "Wanta get married, young horse. What can do?" Shrugging his shoulders philosophically, he clucked to his white Mary and drove down the street.

"What can do?" mimicked Maxie. He stamped his feet, did a little dance, and sang through his nose, "Ei, ei, ei, what can do?"

The shoemaker labored to keep a straight face. He wagged his head. "Ach, Maxie, if you only knew men as well as you know horses."

"Don't talk to me about men. Italians ain't men." He stood and looked hungrily at the splendid animal trumpeting down the street.

THE mare carried on this way, kicking and squealing, until the women began to complain that she was a danger to the children. They threatened

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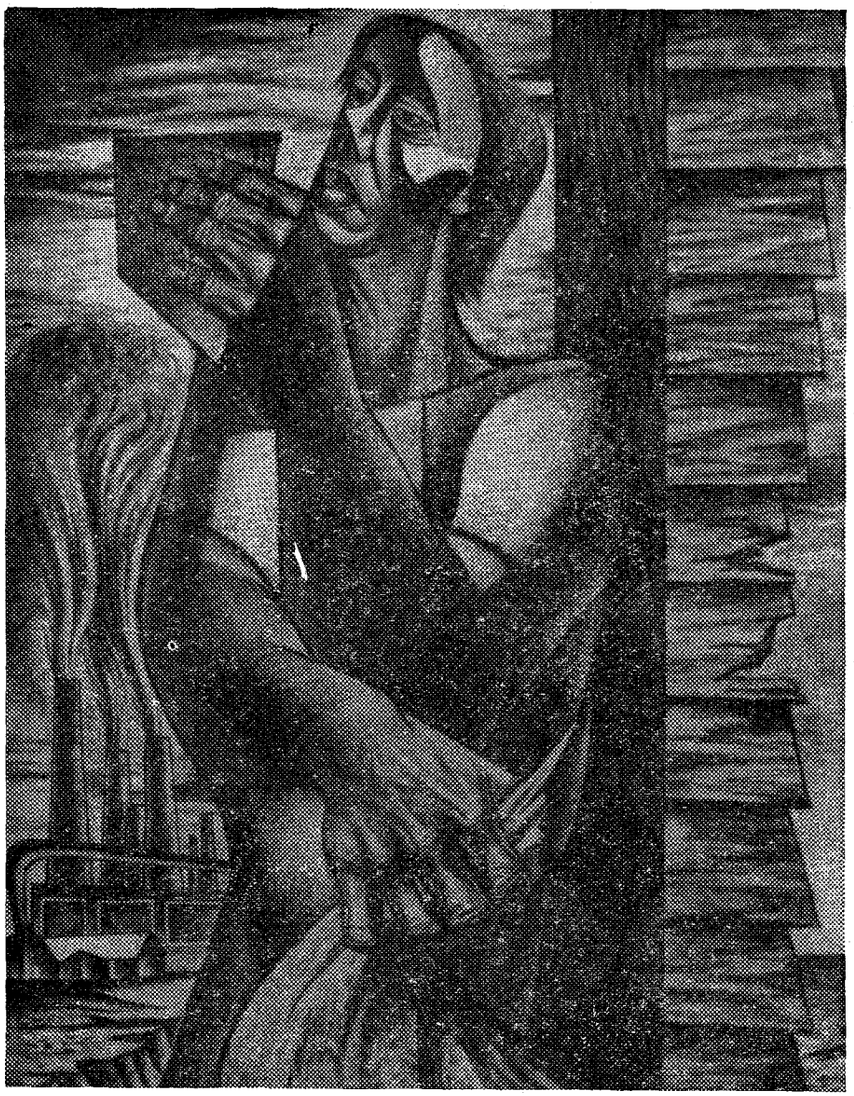

"Letter From the Front," a drawing by Charles White. From his first New York exhibition, at the ACA Gallery through September 20. Robert Gwathmey says, "There is much that can be said about the high quality of his work. But I am convinced that the exhibition will speak for him in the only natural way an artist can speak for himself. I cannot refrain, however, from calling attention to the burning intensity to be found in his paintings and drawings, an intensity that glows with the conviction that all men are created equal; that their inalienable human rights cannot be denied for very long to his or any other race or creed."

to report it to the station house if something were not done immediately.

Here was Maxie's chance, for Gus Schoenfeld would be more than happy to take it out on this dumb Italian in order to make up to an old buddy. Maxie, however, was too much of a horseman to take advantage of his competitor in that way. Instead, he caught the mare by the bridle during a kicking spell, felt of her, and tried to explain the virtues of saltpeter.

Vito listened with a furrowed brow and then threw out his hands in fear.

"I ain't doing it for you. You'll never need it. Look, I got some of the stuff. If you seen a girl that way, would you be a man if you let her suffer? Capisch?"

Maxie explained to the mare's bewildered owner that saltpeter would take the fire out of her, and then he quickly took a handful of the stuff from his pocket and slapped it into her.

As the mare reared, Maxie clinging to her head to keep her from snorting out the saltpeter, Vito hurled himself from his wagon with a yell that she was being poisoned to death. A crowd gathered. Chinky and the gang slid cakes of ice into the gutter and ran off with Vito's pick and tongs. Patrolman Gus heaved into sight.

Relieved that the company wasn't involved, Gus said, "Maxie, you're one damned fool. Why don't you come up and tell me about this? You'll get in that lieutenant's hair again. Watch your step, my boy."

"I ain't asking you!"

"Take my advice."

"I'm off you flatfeet and brass buttons for life."

A big fellow with heavy red mitts, Gus said harshly, "I heard enough from you."

Maxie looked him square in the eye. "Be damned," he said and walked away.

The whole world was fast turning sour on him. If he could only pull out of this lousy business. He had been in it for thirteen years, and now he couldn't take a step but there was competition; he couldn't turn but there was another fellow sneaking up with a pick to stab him in the back. His route was so poor he couldn't get $100 if he sold out, and then what could he do? Work for some cheap boss who would ride him until his tongue hung to his boots? Become a cop and rat on his friends like Gus?

He clapped his pilot cap on his head and stopped at his railing. His eyes flew up to the window where, fast and clean as a racing filly, with breasts like white homers, sat Rose, glum because the jobless plumber was at home. Maxie slouched back into the cellar to nurse his wounds, and though spring was in the air with a promise of better business, he cursed the day he was born.

In spite of this self-disgust, there was some good still left in Maxie. His dosing of the mare seemed to have helped. She got out of her kicking fits and was quiet as a kitten at her work.

But one afternoon, some time after the saltpeter business, as Maxie sprawled on his bench engrossed in a racing magazine, he heard her hoofs up the street clattering with an unusual beat. He glanced up. She was stumbling in the gutter and shaking her head in a frenzy as if flies were stinging her. "It's a crime letting a wop handle a horse," muttered Maxie, and with an oath, he went back to his reading.

The mare staggered sidewise, while Vito pulled frantically at the lines. Finally, he leaped down, pulled at her forelock, and started calling her endearing names in Italian. But his "little flower" backed and showed the whites of her eyes.

The gang gathered around while the frightened Vito fondled her. Then he climbed back to his seat. The mare champed and frothed, hindquarters

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creased as if a key were screwing up her hamstrings.

Chinky whisked across the street. "Maxie, the horse is hoited."

"I got eyes."

"Is she bad?"

"Looks like blind staggers, may he have it!"

In the meantime a crew of street-cleaners who had been dousing the gutter at the crossing saw the mare floundering and bucking and hurried to give Vito a hand. One of them yelled, "Let's get her out quick. She'll break your wagon to matchsticks."

The men loosened the traces. The mare staggered backward and dropped on the sidewalk. The cleaners whooped and waved their hands. She pawed the stones, the crowd swarming away from her, and her shoes struck fire as she went down again. Then they got their hose and doused her. That got her up again, but her hocks broke under her. As she set out, threshing with her soaked legs, she turned, puzzled at the unwillingness of her splendid haunches to hold her. Her eyes rolled, she stumbled and crashed up against the curb.

The shopkeepers gathered in the street. The shoemaker approached Maxie who sat reading calmly. "Can't you help here with your knowledge? It's another man's bread."

"Help that old woman, and he'll be squawking I poison her!"

"You are acting like a child, Maxie. When a man—"

"To hell with him and his horse!" He stretched, yawned and went down to the cellar.

The shoemaker hurried to the other shopkeepers, and a conference was held. Finally the barber looked the mare over and said solemnly, "Maybe she's too fat."

The fishman said, "Looks like she's got the colic. You punch a hole in her belly. The stuff shoots out." He screwed his thumb into the swollen barrel.

Crouching in the dust beside his mare, Vito blinked hopefully at the men.

After hopping and grubbing around, the tinsmith peeped through his carroty beard, "Try it a message."

They got rags and vinegar and massaged her haunches.

"Try brancas, why don't you?" taunted Maxie, coming out of his cellar. He pointed to the barber shop window where cupping glasses were ranged, row upon row.

Maxie walked up to the curb. "Ignorant Italian stiff, dago dope!" Snorting in his contempt, he shoved his hands into his pockets and swaggered away. "I tried to help once. By God, no more." He stopped and his eyes flared wide open as the plumber came out of the tenement with his carpet bag.

MAXIE made the six flights in record time. He took his ease with Rose who brought him a bottle of beer and a plate of sour pickles and franks. He showed her how the horse could be relieved of its paralysis, held her by the jaw, and touched the delicate rosy ridges of the roof of her mouth. "You cut them bumps, Rosie. That mare's got high blood pressure. Take a knife and slit it, and that takes the pressure off."

Rose was in his arms when the shot rang out in the street. As he leaped to his feet, another shot followed. He stuck his head recklessly out of the window. Ringed by a great crowd, the mare lay in the gutter with Gus Schoenfeld over her.

By the time Maxie got into the street, the gun was in its holster, and Gus was laboriously making notes in his book.

Vito knelt in the dust, sweat running down his face which looked like

a spit-out olive stone. He bowed and called hoarsely in Italian.

"Who's that Mary he's talking to?" bawled Gus with a wink. "Wife or girl?"

Frank, the fishman, said, "It's Mother of God. He liked that horse. The poor slob feels kinda bad, and he prays."

With a grunt Gus put his book away. He looked down at the horse with the two burned holes in her skull. "She had a disease. I had to put her out of her misery."

The crowd parted, and Maxie shoved his way through. He planted himself before Gus, his brown fists on his hips. "What kind of a disease did she have, cop?"

Taken aback by Maxie's sudden appearance, Gus flushed. "Aw, you seen her cutting up. A month ago she was wild and almost kicked a kid."

"That mare could have been saved," rapped out Maxie. "What kind of catching disease did she have, wise guy?"

Gus turned red, and the veins clawed over his forehead. Controlling himself with an effort, he turned to Vito. "All right, fella. We done the best we could. Big wagon'll come for her tomorrow and bring her to the cemetery."

Vito's black eyes darted from Gus to Maxie. Emboldened by Maxie's stand, he cried, "Why, why? Why killa her? Killa me got a cold." He took a step forward, and he sobbed. He raised his trembling fists and started beating his chest. "Why killa? Why?"

"Yes," said Maxie bitingly, "and two shots. No wonder that old lady, that lieutenant, gets after them cops to do revolver practice."

As the crowd laughed, Gus's face swelled up.

"Maybe you working for that company again? I see. That's how you gonna get rid of us small fellows, shooting our horses, one by one."

Gus muttered, "Now, Maxie, lay off."

"Cop, you done only half a day's work. There's my old horse you ain't shot yet."

Gus yanked up his club. He clipped Maxie across the behind like a burlesque comedian fooling with a girl in the chorus. "It's about time you got a taste of this salami. It's been coming to you a long time."

So fast that you could hardly see the motion of his hand, Maxie caught the club and flung it across the street. Automatically Gus's hand flew to his holster, but the crowd surged between the men, and Maxie was dragged away by the shopkeepers.

Regaining his club, Gus pushed the crowd roughly. "Beat it!" His face crimson with fear and rage, he rocked on the balls of his feet, surveyed the street, and walked off, twirling his club.

Vito dropped on the curb. The women and the shopkeepers tried to console him, but he would not raise his head or answer. He sat humped up near the dead mare while night roared

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down over the city like lumps of coal down a chute.

He was seated on the curb, his narrow shoulders quivering, when yelling and whooping rose from the direction of the El. In the dusk, Maxie appeared, astride his old "goat," riding hard, his shirttails fluttering like a flag in the breeze. He leaped off, squatted in front of Vito, and clamping his hand on the lad's knee, he argued earnestly with him. Then he backed his "goat" between the shafts of the wagon, covered the dead mare with his canvas, helped Vito to the high seat, and rattled off to the docks.

Later the plumber came down with Maxie's pilot hat, and the women got their husbands ready to rush to the station house. Maxie was in top form. "That hat? See, after we chased that Gus, that horsefly horsekiller away, I throwed up that hat, hurrah, and it sailed into your window. By God, if it didn't."

"Yeh," cried Chinky, "Maxie was trying to save the horse so hard he losted his hat. I'll swear on the Jewish Bible."

The slow pug-faced plumber put the hat behind his back. "You can't make no jackass out of me."

"Don't have to," cracked Maxie, giving Chinky the wink, and the kid snatched the pilot hat and streaked away, the plumber roaring after him.

In a few minutes the winded, empty-handed husband was back. He climbed upstairs, and soon the whole street could hear him taking it out on Rosie, who kept yelling, "He was working by the horse, by the horse, I'm telling you."

When the street had quieted down, everybody said that Maxie would have the Italian's business before he could pick up another horse, that Vito would be wiped out like a bedbug, and there would be peace again in the neighborhood, thank God.

Next morning something happened which people are still talking about, for Maxie's horse appeared on the street, not in her old rope harness, but in the polished leather with the shining buckles, the clicking bone rings, and the tassels of the dead mare. On the high seat was Vito. Hanging on to the rear step was Maxie, his pilot cap with its brass anchor perched cockily on the side of his curly head.

As the wagon stopped, each man seized a piece of ice and rushed off to opposite sides of the street. When they got back, the gang was waiting.

"You working now with Italian garlic?" cried Chinky.

Maxie winked. "We ain't gonna let no pike fish swallow us."

The kids looked mystified.

"Fui!" Holding his nose, Chinky pulled at an invisible chain.

Maxie grabbed his ice tongs, and the gang scampered out of his reach. Then he took out his box of cheroots and offered one of those slim strong cigars to Vito. Lighting up, they got on the wagon and drove down the street to take care of their business.

Eyes On Indo-China

What is the State Department's role in France's war on the Viet Nam Republic? Here are the facts.

By ARTHUR LEWIS

"No doubt there has been some Communist agitation in Indo-China. . . . But that is not the whole story. . . . The independence movement there is nationalist, not communistic in character. It is, in the almost unanimous opinion of neutral observers, a real national movement. . . ."

This description of the nationalist movement in Indo-China comes not from some liberal publication but from two editorials in the New York *Times* (June 23 and July 15) severely critical of French colonial intrigues and maneuvers. The *Times* chides the French for their attempts to set up a rival regime (called the National Union Front and made up of renegades and Japanese collaborators), and comes out strongly for the termination of the colonial war and for an agreement with the Viet Nam Republic. Furthermore, it pats the State Department on the back for its attempt (reported on June 15) to put pressure on the French government for an end to hostilities.

What does this mean? How are we to explain the fact that the State Department and the *Times* are seemingly taking positions that progressive opinion in America has been urging for months, that are greeted with approval in the Viet Nam press, and that correspond in general to the policy that the French Communist Party has been urging upon the French government ever since hostilities broke out? How does it come about that the *Times* has such kind words for the nationalists of Indo-China, while it hauls out its choicest invective to describe an identical movement in Greece?

In answering these questions we can assume from the start that these developments do not mean that the spokesmen for American foreign policy have become progressive. At the same time, an attempt to answer these questions in the context of the postwar history of Indo-China may throw a good deal of light on the inner contradictions of American imperialist policy.

To begin with, it will be helpful to get a picture of the background of the struggle in Indo-China. Located east of Siam and south of China, Indo-China covers an area the size of Texas (259,000 square miles) and is inhabited by a population of 25,000,000, or twice that of New York State. In prewar days, Indo-China was divided into five provinces: the two Kingdoms of Laos and Cambodia bordering on Siam, and the three provinces of Tonkin, on the Chinese border; Annam, on the eastern coastline, and rice-rich Cochinchina in the south. The first two have a culture derived from India, while the latter three embrace 22,000,000 Annamites, a people with a culture, language and history of their own.

Economically, Indo-China is rich in such raw materials as tin, coal, rub-

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ber and to a lesser degree, iron and phosphate, while the major food product is rice, grown primarily for export. Over all these products the French trusts, through the Bank of Indo-China, held a stranglehold that extended to monopolies over the salt, opium and alcohol trade. Ruled by unmitigated force and cruelty, Indo-China was probably the worst exploited colony of the Far East. As President Roosevelt put it, "For every dollar that the French put in, they took ten dollars out."

The Indo-Chinese who profited from French rule were few indeed, comprising a small group of landlord-usurers around Saigon. Together with the French planters and the Catholic state church they owned ninety percent of the arable land. The vast majority of the people were reduced to quasi-slavery, either working as forced labor, or caught in the toils of the money lender, the rice syndicates and the tax collector.

Since there was no Indo-Chinese-owned industry worth mentioning, the conditions for the growth of a native bourgeoisie were absent, a fact that has had an important bearing on the growth of the nationalist struggle. One result was that the leadership of the nationalist movement has come primarily from the students and the intellectuals, who, lacking the support of a native bourgeoisie or of a large working class, signally failed to build a strong movement until they responded to the growing unrest of the peasantry, the largest single revolutionary force in Indo-China.

Thus the Yenbay Revolt of 1930, led by a group of intellectuals, was drowned in blood. After this disastrous experience the nationalist movement split. One group, headed by Trotskyite intellectuals, began negotiations with Imperial Japan and fostered the illusion that national liberation would come within the Japanese Co-Prosperity sphere. The other group, which became the main stream of the nationalist movement, was led by the Communist Party (organized in 1929 by Nguyen Ai Quoc, now called Ho Chi Minh), which campaigned from 1936 on for a united front, even with the French, against the menace of Japan, and for the establishment of democratic liberties in Indo-China. The gravediggers of France would have none of this, however, and in 1940 the Vichyite administrators of Indo-China surrendered to Japan without a shot. Imperialism, Japanese style, brought on another nationalist revolt that was put down by the unholy alliance of Vichy and Tokyo.

This, of course, completely discredited the Trotskyite line, and solidified the nationalist movement. In 1941 the League of Independence in Indo-China, or the Viet Minh, was formed. This broad alliance of nationalist parties came forward with a program of liberation from imperialist rule, and became the spearhead of the resistance movement. As in the other Southeast Asian countries, by V-J Day the resistance movement was strong enough to seize power. On August 15, 1946, the Viet Nam Republic proclaimed its independence in the three Annamite provinces of Tonkin, Annam and Cochinchina, setting up its capital at Hanoi in Tonkin. At the same time, less powerful patriotic regimes took over in Laos and Cambodia.

The Viet Nam government itself was a coalition headed by the Viet Minh and including all other nationalist parties and patriotic elements. President Ho Chi Minh, the fifty-five-year-old revolutionary who returned from exile in 1945, immediately launched his democratic regime, proclaiming constitutional liberties, land reforms and a giant program to liquidate illiteracy. A production drive was put on that unquestionably prevented famine and starvation. As the first independent republic of Southeast Asia, Viet Nam had gotten off to a good start and certainly deserved the immediate support of the United States in accord with the proposals laid down by President Roosevelt. With the slightest degree of endorsement from the US, much of the subsequent bloodshed and chaos could have been avoided.

But by this time the first outlines of the Truman Doctrine were appearing on the horizon. Viet Nam's pleas for recognition went unheeded in Washington and the US not only acquiesced in, but gave assistance to, the attempt of the French, Dutch and British to regain their lost empires. For this reason when the British and the French landed at Saigon for the official purpose of accepting Japanese surrender, the combined imperialisms utilized Japanese troops, together with their own, to overthrow the Viet Nam people's government in Saigon and establish a bridgehead for the restoration of colonial rule. Under General Le Clerc, the French deposed the anti-imperialist regime in Cambodia, and proceeded to wage war against the people in Cochinchina and southern Annam. They succeeded, however, in capturing only a few cities, while the countryside remained in the hands of the Tu Ve, the Viet Nam guerrilla armies, as it does to this day.

Furthermore, the French were unable to recover their position in Tonkin and northern Annam primarily because the Allied occupation forces north of the 16th parallel were Chinese. Although Chiang Kai-shek was no special friend of the Viet Nam Republic, he did hope to install a pro-Kuomintang group in power, and for that very reason refused to permit the French to move north of the 16th parallel. Thus the Viet Nam Republic was provided with a shield behind which it was able to strengthen its political and economic position and simultaneously defeat the intrigues of the pro-Chiang faction. A sign of Viet Nam's strength was revealed in January, 1946, when the first election in the history of the country was held in which more than ninety percent of the electorate voted, including large numbers in Cochinchina, who voted under the very noses of the French. As a result Ho Chi Minh was elected president by such an overwhelming majority that he was able to broaden the base of his government still further.

The growing strength of Viet Nam, combined with the weakening of the Right in France—symbolized by the resignation of de Gaulle—brought matters to a new stage. In France the assumption of power by the Gouin government, a coalition in which the Socialists and Communists predominated, at once led to negotiations with Viet Nam. These resulted in the Convention of Hanoi signed March 6, which marked the formal recognition of Viet Nam as a free state within the Indo-Chinese Federation, with its own army, parliament and finances. Viet Nam on its side agreed to permit a limited number of French troops to enter Tonkin to disarm the remaining Japanese troops (Chiang's troops by now were beginning to withdraw), and agreed to a referendum in the three provinces of Tonkin, Annam and Cochinchina on the question of unity within Viet Nam.

Though far from a complete solution, the Hanoi Convention marked a real step forward and brought an end to open hostilities. Had the French

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government pursued the course laid down at Hanoi, France herself would have benefited from the new relationship. But two factors interfered: the ambitions of the French trusts and American intervention in French politics. The first task of High Commissioner D'Argenlieu and General Le Clerc was to sabotage the Hanoi agreement in the interests of the Bank of Indo-China. Thus negotiations in Indo-China bogged down. General Le Clerc sent a military expedition into Laos, where resistance was defeated. Meanwhile the High Commissioner intrigued to see that no referendum should be held in Cochinchina. In June, 1946, a puppet regime headed by an Annamite member of a rice syndicate and a naturalized French citizen was set up in Cochinchina, now proclaimed to be "independent" and free from Viet Nam "aggression."

Significantly enough this phantom government came into existence on the same day the Bidault cabinet came into power in France, after elections in which, it is openly admitted, the United States threw its weight around through loans. As it turned out the anxiety of the US to strengthen the Right in France gave encouragement to the French imperialists most hostile to the loosening of any colonial ties. The Bidault government stiffened its attitude and made preparations for war. The Conference of Fontainebleau, held between July 6 and Sept. 15, 1946, presided over by the president of the Bank of Indo-China, ended with no fundamental issues settled. From the point of view of Viet Nam it merely served to keep the dispute on the level of discussion rather than warfare.

BUT the French had no intention of allowing negotiations to go on. Late in the year "incidents" were provoked in and around Hanoi. During one of them the Viet Nam found plans for the destruction of Viet Nam defenses on the person of a French officer. Naturally, Viet Nam began to prepare for counter-measures, a fact that the French later used to accuse Viet Nam of being the aggressor. On Dec. 19, 1946, war broke out at Hanoi after the French commander had issued an ultimatum to Ho Chi Minh demanding that the Hanoi police force be turned over to the French. Since that time hostilities have continued, though at present they are bogged down.

Apparently the French imperialists counted on American support to give them a quick victory, but their requests have been turned down cold. American expansionists have no intention of permitting the French trusts to restore their monopoly in Indo-China. That is a field they would like to work themselves.

As warfare and its accompanying chaos continued, the situation in Southeast Asia deteriorated. Growing tension in Dutch-Indonesian relations gave warning of the struggle to come. The whole situation threatened to disrupt the Southeast Asia market, which US imperialism must stabilize if its Far Eastern plans are to materialize. The Truman Doctrine in the Far East, which aims at furthering American expansion via the rebuilding of Japan as the workshop and military base of the Far East, cannot succeed if (a) the market remains disrupted, and (b) if Indo-China and Indonesia remain closed off under French and Dutch control. Furthermore the continued destruction of food supplies (Indo-China in 1946 exported only 150,000 tons of rice as against a prewar norm of 1,500,000) threatens to intensify conditions making for unrest throughout Asia. Should such unrest result in a widespread explosion, the US would be confronted by a situation that it could not control.

All along the Truman administration has tried to stabilize the Far Eastern situation in a reactionary manner. But this is impossible, as events in China and particularly in Indo-China make clear. In the first place, the peoples' movement there is too strong and too united. The French have desperately tried to conjure up a regime that, like the Congress party in India, would come to a compromise and at the same time command some popular support.

In this they have failed repeatedly,

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and the New York *Times* is now telling them to quit trying. A reactionary stabilization in Indo-China can now mean only one thing—restoration of the French monopoly—and this Washington, for the reasons I mentioned earlier, will not permit. For these reasons, too, the State Department has urged the French to come to terms with the Viet Nam Republic.

It would seem, therefore, that American progressive opinion, while continuing to oppose the whole concept of the Truman Doctrine in the Far East, should urge Washington to bring pressure on the French to stop the war in Indo-China and to restore the status quo as of the Hanoi Convention, from which point negotiations can be reopened. In addition, progressives must insist that American policy be directed solely at furthering the national aspirations of Viet Nam, not toward supplanting France as the exploiting power. To this end the United States should also give official recognition to the Viet Nam Republic.

Such a program would call a halt to the war in Indo-China. The reprehensible policies of Bidault's MRP and the French Socialists have already done considerable damage to the position of France in the world and weakened the economic power of her people. This was the point made so tellingly by the Communist leader Jacques Duclos when he noted that the day after Ramadier refused to grant wage increases to French workers his cabinet voted war credits for the Indo-China campaign.

The French advocates of colonial war have wasted money and men in a fight they cannot win and have thus made France more dependent on the US for economic assistance. Now colonial unrest has spread to Madagascar and North Africa, and as a result the chances of success for the French Union diminish daily. The French Union, which has the support of the Left in France since it envisages a reconciliation of French economic interests with the aspirations of colonial peoples, becomes less and less possible as continued conflict saps the ability of both to resist American expansion. When the French Communists tell their people that friendly collaboration with an independent Indo-China can better their way of life, they show true patriotism, while the propagandists of *la gloire* squander French sovereignty in a vainglorious subservience to the almighty dollar.

The History of Hue and Cry: III

From Cotton Mather to A. Mitchell Palmer to J. Parnell Thomas—the sinister game goes on.

By JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

This is the third and concluding installment of Mr. Lawson's article.

IT SEEMS evident that there is a pattern and direction in the whole course of our history; Americans have hated imperialism and loved liberty. But imperialism and exploitation are also a continuous part of our history. We have preserved our rights, and advanced our economic interests, only to the degree that we have consciously recognized and opposed those who would betray the nation and degrade its people. Are these forces of power and privilege stronger or weaker, today, than they have been in the past? It takes very little pondering upon the lessons of history to answer the question. The enormous concentration of economic power in the past half-century, the national and international organization of trusts and cartels, has created a political and economic force which controls a technological potential and means of propaganda that no previous epoch in history has known.

But the people also have increasing strength, deeper experience, greater capacities for democratic organization. In order to realize these capacities, we must know our history and recognize the forces that seek to limit and destroy our liberties.

The purposes of privileged groups seeking autocratic control follow a recognizable pattern. Historical thought, as I have had occasion to note in the foregoing discussion, has tended to obscure this pattern, to veil the essential issues in the long conflict "between man and the dollar." Historical literature is an integral part of our culture and reflects the pressures which affect other branches of literature, as well as art, science and education. These pressures have resulted in a systematic underestimation of the role of the people as a creative force in history, and this in turn is responsible for much of the confusion and outright cynicism that becloud our faith in democracy today.

The attempt to divide the people and prevent the full functioning of the democratic process has led to the use of certain propaganda-structures which have a remarkable continuity. The only significant new development from the days of the Illuminati campaign is the increasing emphasis on Anglo-Saxon superiority and the systematic appeal to religious and racial prejudice. We have noted that this began with the influx of foreign labor into the United States in the early nineteenth century, and merged with the propaganda against the Negro that originated in the slave South. The purpose of this propaganda is self-evident: it divides labor, disfranchises an important part of the population, helps to maintain a special area of intensified exploitation in the South, enables politicians who are not elected by the people to sit in Congress and make our laws, and justifies American participation in the exploitation of colonial peoples.

The whole structure and function of this propaganda were revealed in 1919. Along with the Palmer raids and the attack on trade unions went the revival of the Ku Klux Klan. From 1920 to 1921, and as the direct accompaniment of the propaganda that implemented the Palmer raids, the Klan increased its membership from 2,000 to 700,000; and in 1925, it was said to have nearly nine million members. The figure is hardly believable, but it may be explained in part by the flood of expensive propaganda attacking

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Communists, Jews, Catholics, Negroes and foreigners that was spread across the country. The *Protocols of Zion*, a forged document purporting to prove a Jewish conspiracy to control the world, was printed by the *Dearborn Independent*, a periodical wholly controlled by Henry Ford, and circulated in millions of copies in a dozen languages. Respectable historians and philosophers contributed arguments as irrational as those by which Cotton Mather sought to prove the existence of witches. Lothrop Stoddard wrote *The Revolt Against Civilization: The Menace of the Underman*, devoted to an attack on the barbarous Russians, and purporting to show that "civilization depends upon superior racial stocks. . . . The idea of 'natural equality' is one of the most pernicious illusions that ever afflicted mankind."

It was fairly customary at this period to link the *Protocols of Zion* with the Illuminati as the basis for the Red conspiracy that was supposed to threaten mankind. Nesta H. Webster, in *World Revolution*, published in 1921, traced the trouble to the French Revolution, the Illuminati and the Freemasons: "If the Protocols are genuine, they are the revised programme of illuminized Freemasonry formulated by a Jewish lodge of the order."

TODAY the old propaganda machine is again grinding out its lies. The imbecilities of the Illuminati campaign are repeated in our press and on the radio. The Klan rides again. I. F. Stone reports in *PM* that Washington is "living under the shadow of terror." Medieval superstition degrades our colleges. Professors are urged to take thought that the plague of non-conformity is a communicable disease. As they brood in their studies, scholars may seem to feel a spectral presence, and to hear the ghostly voice of Cotton Mather: "May not the devil make me, though ignorantly and unwillingly, to be an instrument of doing something that he would have to be done? For my part, I freely own my Suspicion, lest something of Enchantment, have reached more Persons and Spirits among us, than we are well aware of." (*Wonders of the Invisible World*, p. 23.)

Those of us who retain our intellectual equilibrium are not impressed by tales of witches. We know that Karl Marx was a social philosopher, not a sorcerer. We are aware that Communists believe in the socialist organization of society, and that they have the inalienable right to express their views, which can be debated without danger that evil spirits will speak from our lips and convulse our limbs.

But we also know that the powerful interests which spread this propaganda are our enemies as a nation. The only true national interest is that of the people. The demands of the people, and especially of the classes that are underprivileged, are inevitably related to the welfare of the whole nation, because the welfare of the people depends on the general level of employment and income. On the other hand, vested interests pursue aims which do not serve, and which are frequently antithetical to, the national welfare. These aims are expressed in the use of anti-social and divisive propaganda.

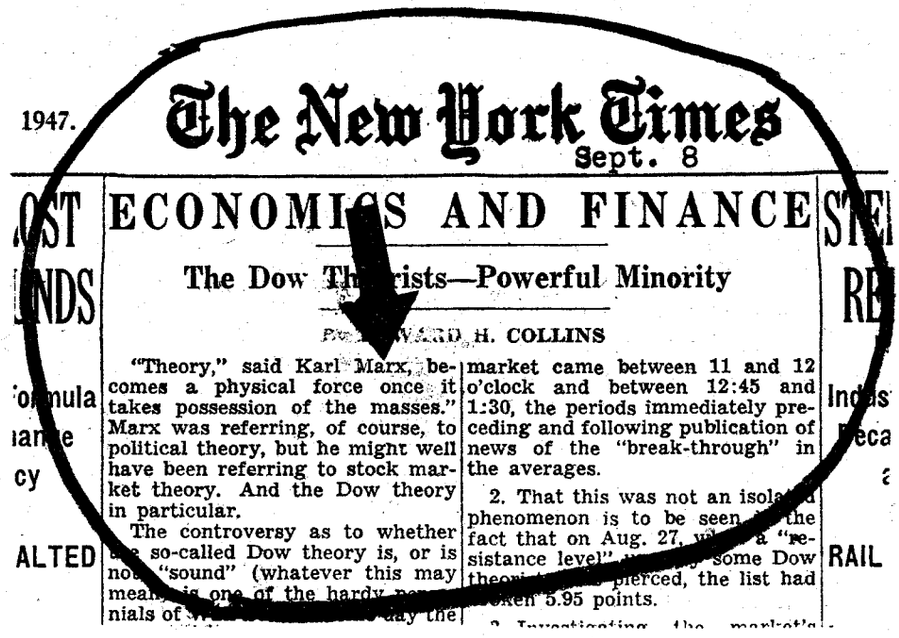
Alexander Hamilton and the Federalists were prepared to abandon the gains of the Revolution, to sacrifice the national independence we had achieved —because they could make a better profit by subservience to the bankers and merchants of London. The Southern plantation owners did not hesitate to attempt to destroy the Union to protect their property in human chattels. Recent events in Europe show that men who seek to exploit their own people are utterly impervious to patriotism. Petain was no less a traitor than Benedict Arnold. To call Franco a Spaniard is an insult to the brave people of Spain.

AMERICAN scholars, artists and writers have played a historic role in fighting for a democratic culture, in championing truth and opposing "every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

In September, 1800, shortly before the national election that would decide the nation's future course, Abraham Bishop was scheduled to give an address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Yale. When it was discovered that Bishop intended to make an attack on the Illuminati fantasy, the speech was cancelled, on the ground that it would involve Phi Beta Kappa in what the society described as the "political turmoil that disgraces our country." (Stauffer, *opus cit.*, p. 356.) But Bishop secured a hall in New Haven, and spoke before a crowded audience on the night of the Phi Beta Kappa meeting. The address on "The Extent and Power of Political Delusion" helped to organize the growing public opposition to the witch-hunt. Bishop was scurrilously attacked, but he continued to speak and write, not only exposing the Illuminati delusion but exposing its motive and purpose, as an attempt to subvert democracy and "to prostrate the public mind."

This is only one of thousands of similar incidents. I should like to quote from a speech that George William Curtis delivered at Wesleyan University in August, 1856, on "The Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times":

"As the American scholar is a man


1947.

The New York Times

Sept. 8

ECONOMICS AND FINANCE

The Dow Theorists—Powerful Minority

By EDWARD H. COLLINS

"Theory," said Karl Marx, becomes a physical force once it takes possession of the masses." Marx was referring, of course, to political theory, but he might well have been referring to stock market theory. And the Dow theory in particular.

The controversy as to whether the so-called Dow theory is, or is not, "sound" (whatever this may mean) is one of the hardy perennials of Wall Street. To-day the market came between 11 and 12 o'clock and between 12:45 and 1:30, the periods immediately preceding and following publication of news of the "break-through" in the averages.

2. That this was not an isolated phenomenon is to be seen in the fact that on Aug. 27, when a "resistance level" was pierced, some Dow theorists, the list had taken 5.95 points.

Look who's infiltrating the "Times"! (He used to write for the "Tribune.")

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and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. He must build his house before he can live in it. . . . Young scholars, young Americans, young men, we are all called upon to do a great duty. Nobody is released from it. It is a work to be done with hard strokes, and everywhere. I see a rising enthusiasm, but enthusiasm is not an election; and I hear cheers from the heart, but cheers are not votes. . . . Gentlemen, while we read history, we make history. Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not hope to escape fighting."

American writers and scholars responded to that call. There was a flood of pamphlets, speeches, broadsides which supported the new Republican Party, brought Lincoln to the White House in 1861, and preserved the Union.

Almost exactly twenty years ago, on Aug. 22, 1927, I was one of a number of American writers, artists and educators who were arrested in front of the State House in Boston for protesting the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, which was to take place that night. Among those arrested was Edna St. Vincent Millay. She wrote a poem about it, *Justice Denied in Massachusetts;* this is one stanza:

What from the splendid dead
We have inherited—
Furrows sweet to the grain, and the weed subdued—
See now the slug and the mildew plunder,
Evil does overwhelm
The larkspur and the corn;
We have seen them go under.

We were released on bail. A group of us walked through the streets of Boston that night. I recall that we stopped and listened as a bell tolled midnight, and we knew that two innocent men, a fish peddler and a shoemaker, were dead. It seemed impossible that this thing could happen, in Boston, on a summer night in the third decade of the twentieth century. We did not realize that their death was part of a pattern that began with the Palmer raids. Their arrest was an incident of the raids. They were taken from a streetcar in Brockton, Mass., in 1920, and accused of a hold-up and murder. Their only crime, as Vanzetti wrote to his friend's son, was that they "fought modestly to abolish crimes from among mankind and for the liberty of all." (Cited, *The Democratic Spirit*, edited by Bernard Smith, p. 707.) As this became increasingly apparent, it became increasingly necessary that they should die—so that the frameup would not be admitted, so that the policies that were driving toward depression and another world war would not be exposed. In the same year, 1927, American Marines participated with English and Japanese troops in the attack on Shanghai, which prevented the democratic unification of China and opened the way for further Japanese aggression in Asia. In the same year a group of Japanese leaders prepared the *Tanaka Memorial;* with the defeat of democracy in China, which was unavoidably bound up with its defeat in Boston, Japan was ready to plan the campaign of war and aggression that culminated at Pearl Harbor.

As we stood in the street and listened to the bell toll, we did not know that it tolled for us, and for millions all over the world; that we were caught in a web of evil; that the failure of our protest was the failure of a world.

Today another intricate and deathly web is being woven around us. But we have learned a lesson. We know that the sword of truth can cut the web. This time we dare not fail.

This was one of the papers read at a recent Hollywood conference against thought-control sponsored by the Progressive Citizens of America. A complete report of the conference, including fifty different papers presented by leading authorities in the various fields of art, literature and science, is now available in a series of six pamphlets. A boxed set of these can be ordered ($2.50 prepaid) from the Hollywood Arts, Sciences and Professions Council, PCA, 1515 Cross Roads of the World, Hollywood 28, Calif.

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Fishin'

by Lawrence Gellert

I WAS in Theodora, Ala., in '33. A friend drove down with me from the Carolinas for a week of fishing. Right in the middle of our holiday the banks were closed by Presidential decree. We were stranded without funds. No longer did we fish for sport. Dividing our supply of shrimp—half to insure food, half to gamble on the hooks—we managed to eat, though monotonously enough. We bummed gas for our car from fellow fishermen. One lucky strike syphoned two gallons into our tank. The pudgy gentleman with the glittering eyes to whose generosity we were indebted had gas as well to spare for a put-put motorboat! And he invited us to go trawling with him after speckled, inland trout. He talked incessantly:

"In Mississippi where I come f'om folks divide into three classes: ones that got shoes and stockin's, 'nother got only shoes and no stockin's and last what got to go barefooted altogether."

"How in the name of God are folks who needin' consolation goin' to get 'em any 'less folks like us set 'em good example and go to Church on Sunday 'stead of fishin'?"

"You floats 'bout as fast with the tide as you can push this here motor and bound to catch you more fish 'cause you stirrin' things up less."

"Got nothin' at all personal agin shrimp, but I got to put 'em on the hook and dangle 'em to attract the fish I'm after."

"Everythin' depends on the right kind of bait, gentlemen. Only thing to remember is that the livelier the better."

We caught no fish that afternoon.

"The damned old wind-bag frightened them off," complained my friend to Denicke, the owner of the fishing village.

"Must be a two-bit politician," I added.

"You're wrong, mister," said Denicke. "He's an up-and-coming politician. He's a state senator right now and going places. A man to remember. Name is Bilbo . . . Theodore."

The next time I heard the gentleman from Mississippi, he was fishing for the office of governor of the state. He stood on an improvised platform in Jackson, Miss., dazzling the country folk who crowded around him with his red suspenders, thirty-diamond stickpin, glittering eyes, ready wit and nimble tongue:

"I tell you that our God-given State of Mississippi belongs to white men alone now and forever. It always did. Yankee merchants shylocked the damned n——rs on us. Ah, gentlemen, it was a sad day indeed when the very first of the black breed of brutes trod the free soil of our ancestors. He brought with him the scourge and pestilence with which he was accursed from the beginnin' and which will follow him to the very end of time. Yessiree. We have been punished for harboring him. We have lost treasure untold, our very life blood flowed needlessly. I tell you there is not now anything wrong with this country, there never was nor will there ever be, 'ceptin where the n——r is at the root of it. Now let us once and for all get rid of this dark, loathsome burden. I say ship the n——r brute back to Africa where he can grovel in the darkness like the Good Book tells us is his punishment. Whoever interferes with that dictum meddles with the word of God and he will be smitten by His hand for transgressing . . ."

I asked Mr. Bilbo following his talk how long he figured it would take to ship fourteen million people across the ocean. How many ships did he think would be required to keep ahead of the birth rate? Mr. Bilbo shrugged and said that was for experts to figure out. Meanwhile, of course, he was giving a practical demonstration of his idea on the use of live bait in the field of politics. Further, I don't believe the idea of losing his bait ever occurred to Mr. Bilbo even as a remote possibility. The Negro is here to stay and he knew it. Whatever anyone could say about the gentleman from Mississippi, he was certainly no fool.

I saw Mr. Bilbo once more . . . the last time, early this year. It was at the Touro Clinic in New Orleans. He was no longer talking, philosophically or otherwise, either about shrimp or political bait. The ravages of the disease which was rapidly terminating his career were hidden, appropriately enough, I thought, behind a white handkerchief, draped Ku Klux Klan-like—leaving only his glittering eyes and bulging forehead visible.

Now Mr. Bilbo is dead. Some resentful whites may "bust a n——r or two" for appearing suspiciously cheerful on the local streets. However, I'm confident there's no over-rejoicing in the Black Belt. The Negro people know too well that the pattern of hate, repression and violence did not originate with Mr. Bilbo. Nor has it died with him. The fear of poor whites and Negroes joining together for mutual benefit has haunted the Southern gentry since Reconstruction days. Together with the rising middle class with which the ex-slave masters found common cause, they comprise the favored nine and twelve percent of the population of the state of Mississippi. They are the shoe-and-stocking wearing folks. They deny the right to vote to all but a small portion of the population who have a decided interest and stake in keeping the status quo.

The Negro as well as the disfranchised poor white man knows that the rulers' choice among the dozen or so lesser fry scrambling to fill Bilbo's place in Mississippi politics will be made on the basis of the greatest alacrity and effectiveness in pursuing the traditional role. Bilboism by any other name sure smells the same. And Rankin is just another way of saying Bilbo.

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sights and sounds

FILMS

If its title makes you think you're probably going to enjoy *Russian Ballerina*, the latest Artkino film at the Stanley, you're absolutely right. And even if ballet has left you cold up to this point in your life (is such a thing possible?), go to see it. For it's one of the most charming, human, beautiful pictures that have come out of the Soviet Union in many years.

The plot is a feathery thing that would blow away in any serious breeze, but it serves its purpose. Natasha, a young ballet pupil played by Maria Redina, falls in love with the music student who lives across the courtyard. There are misunderstandings and disappointments, artistic as well as romantic, but it ends triumphantly as Miss Redina dances an excerpt from "The Sleeping Beauty" with the faultless line, authority and great charm that mark her another bright star in the Russian ballet firmament.

In addition to Miss Redina's dancing and that of the members of the corps de ballet of the Leningrad State Theater of Opera and Ballet, there is a breathtaking performance of "Swan Lake" by Galina Ulanova, the Soviet Union's foremost ballerina, and we go backstage to watch rehearsals and exercises. Not the least of the interest is the glimpse we get of the Stanislavsky method at work as it is applied to a balletic conception Natasha develops on her own. Natasha changes the classic ending of "The Sleeping Beauty" somewhat and is criticized by the ballet teacher, sensitively played by the handsome Olga Zhizneva, not for the change but for her inconsistency in not transforming the entire ballet to preserve its unity.

The lovely Miss Redina is not only a talented ballerina but also proves to be a fine actress—merely, one suspects, by playing herself. She has a naturalness, directness and dignity that one feels to be related to the clean line and disciplined beauty of her movements. And in addition to a uniformly excellent cast the film is technically in the highest bracket: the direction and visual compositions are first class, the sound recording and subtitling good, the lighting magnificent. The music is, of course, contributed by P. I. Tschaikowsky.

NM says: Go.

Betty Millard.

THEATER

Stay away from *The Magic Touch* if it should still happen to be around when this is printed. My purpose in reviewing this pathetic effort to extract farce laughs out of high prices and low wages is to call attention again to one of the economic idiocies of the Broadway system. Sixty thousand dollars, or thereabouts, were sunk in what, if anybody in the producers' offices had any judgment of dramatic values, would have been recognized as a hopeless risk.

How can presumably worldly people make mistakes where it is supposed to hurt them most—in the pocket? On a plain profit and loss accounting these repeated failures, totalled up, make Broadway far more extravagant and flighty than any subsidized theater system.

Ironically, one revealing answer is given in what the poor doomed little play itself set out to satirize. The object of the satire in *The Magic Touch* is a book "idea" calculated to make millions. In the wishful thinking of the authors and the producers it does. But anybody with book publishing experience could have told them that this sort of publishing produces flops as inevitably as this sort of play producing.

For most of the Broadway flops are plays that have been doped up, talked up, written up and sold as sure-fire box-office "ideas." Somebody elaborates a gag on a returned soldier, or on the comicalities of the housing shortage, or on the difficulties of leading a carnivorous existence with meat prices at their present peaks—and tough men, who never melt to literature, go soft in the head.

The hold of such thinking may be explained partly in the character of American economic history, which may be misjudged as a sequence of hunches, gambles and trick ideas. From the lucky idea, or rather lucky mistake, of Columbus onward there has been a seemingly endless American parade of risks, tricks, gags and inventions that have brought fabulous returns.

So long as play production carries over that thinking, so long as it continues to subordinate dramatic values and real thought to the big "idea," Broadway theater will continue to be largely bad art—and bad business. Even the most cursory review of theater history should teach producers that good dramatic writing and good thinking show a better return than the "trick idea."

CORRECTION: *In my review of "The Dog Beneath The Skin" (NM, September 2), the reference to Charles Chauvin, who played the Curate, should have been to Jean Saks, who played the Vicar.*

Isidor Schneider.

RECORDS

Henry Purcell's *Abdelazer Suite*, performed by Edward Fendler and the Vox Chamber orchestra, is one of the best examples of this great composer's music on records. Consisting of a set of "airs" and dance movements, it is polished but robust, "popular" music of the kind only possible when popular music was written by men with the most complete knowledge of the art of composition (Vox 199).

Today's composers are less fortunate. Attempting Purcell's classic clarity without his immediate contact with an audience, they are almost inevitably forced into a neo-classic preciousness. Typical is Debussy's violin sonata, which is sweet in melody, entrancing in its color, but a little frail. The performance by Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus is exceptionally fine (Columbia MX 280). Music equally well written and reserved in mood is the set of two short violin sonatas by Paul Hindemith, performed by Ruggiero Ricci. Hindemith understands musical structure as few others do today, and the sonata for unaccompanied violin is especially interesting in its perfect solution of the instrumental problem. Both sonatas are fine music, by no means lacking in emotion but rather narrow, as if Hindemith were less fertile in conceiving melodies than in exploring their possibilities (Vox 603).

We have to go to a rare composer like the late Bela Bartok to find something like Purcell's combination of musical science and lusty humanity. A Bartok Memo-

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rial Album presents fifteen pieces from his set, *For Children*. It is not his most ambitious music but it is nevertheless beautiful: folk tunes and dances that for all their seeming transparency contain an amazing free, subtle polyphony and radical harmony. The pianist, and a superb one, is the composer himself (Vox 625).

The mezza-soprano Jennie Tourel shows her versatility in four florid arias from Rossini operas, handling the somewhat thin music with her customary intelligence and vocal finish (Columbia M 691). RCA Victor reissues five more voices of the "Golden Age" in its deluxe Heritage Series. Battistini's lyric baritone, the most beautiful ever put on records, is heard in arias from *Favorita* and *Martha*. Another phenomenal voice is that of Schumann-Heink, who displays her contralto coloratura in rather trivial music by Donizetti and Arditi. Emmy Destinn combines the grand line with a most moving dramatic interpretation, in arias from *Butterfly* and *Gioconda*. The tenor Dalmores, like Destinn, was not an absolutely great voice, but he does an unequalled job of vocal coloring in arias from *Romeo* and *Carmen*. Only Louise Homer, singing Schubert's *Die Allmacht* and a *Huguenots* aria, is a little mechanical, although her vocal equipment is irreproachable. S. FINKELSTEIN.

So Long, Washington

(*Continued from page 7*)

give me, and that they will send other checks, or words of encouragement, to this magazine which has been my home since long before I began to write for it—which peculiarly has been home to many in the Midwest, where I come from, who never saw any other "radical" literature.

To these readers, and to my Party comrades in Washington and Baltimore, where I sat through so many meetings reveling in the knowledge that here were the best men and women that any city could produce, and that they were our Party, to these I say a heartfelt goodby.

But I am afraid I am going to disappoint Senator Taft's public relations man, who, the last time I tried to see the Senator, told me if ever I took a job with the Associated Press I might come around. I am not going with the AP, but to Los Angeles, to work for the *Daily People's World*, published in San Francisco. I want to get in on the beginning of that people's movement, and from what I hear its roots are in California.

See "Just a Minute" on page two for comment on Miss Gardner's leaving NEW MASSES.

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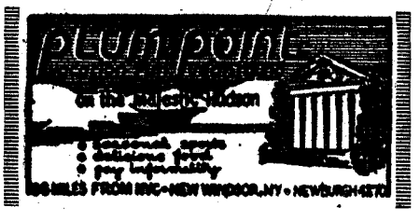

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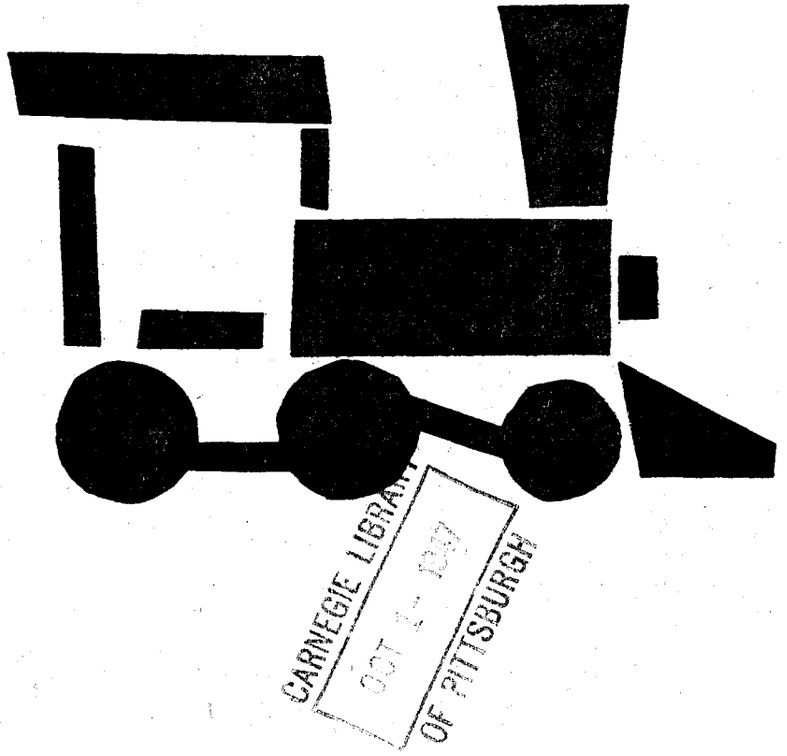

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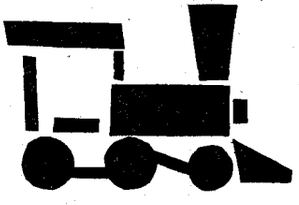

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